

HOARE'S PROGRESS

SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 160

21st September, 1935

Price Sixpence
Weekly

SIR SAMUEL HOARE IS FAMOUS for being a beautiful skater—especially when dressed in black silk tights—but this accomplishment has not made a statesman of him—FOR HE WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SURRENDER OF INDIA.

At Geneva, he said "My Country stands by the League." These bombastic, but misleading, words suggest that the English nation entirely agree with this pronouncement, and that England has a wild desire to be governed by a League of Foreigners—whose languages have to be interpreted to our Foreign Minister—and whose expenses must be paid by Great Britain. BUT ENGLAND REPUDIATES THESE WORDS SPOKEN BY SIR SAMUEL HOARE AND SHE HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING DICTATED TO BY THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Will Sir Samuel Hoare answer this question: "If Italy leaves the League and settles the Abyssinian dispute in a much shorter time than is anticipated—what do Sir Samuel Hoare and his co-"Sanction-ists" propose to do then? Conscription (IF NOT TOO LATE) is the only alternative—a ghastly sardonic joke for Sir Samuel Hoare and his pro-disarmament colleagues who, although they have turned their coats (like welshers on a racecourse) speak with all the authority and conviction of men who have always been wrong.

This is not an attack on an individual, but on the Foreign Policy of the "National" Government.

LEAVE IT ALONE!—By POY



A tarantula spider found in a bunch of bananas has killed a kitten which attempted to play with it.

Reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Mail."

Communist Propaganda in Great Britain

FURTHER information has come to hand regarding the Communist Campaign which is now raging in the Industrial District of South Wales.

Earlier in the year it was stated that nine men had been sent to the West Wales Area for canvassing and speaking in January. According to present arrangements they are to remain here through the summer. They canvass during the day and hold meetings at night. The number of persons they claim to reach in a week is an average of 12,000.

The original party consisted of Messrs. Duncan, Gregory, Rothstein, Quinstan, Finneman, Khan, Rylantz, Benn and Goltz. On February 14th, Rothstein was transferred to North Shields and Benn was sent to Glasgow. Their places in West Wales were taken by A. Lewis Jones from Tonypandy, and Vint from Willesden. These men work under the supervision of Levi Ords. It is significant that most of the persons engaged on this work are Jews.

These Communists appear to be well supplied with money. It has been discovered that a cheque for 1,200 pound sterling is sent from London every four weeks for salaries and expenses. From this sum 550 pound sterling is allocated for the men who work in West Wales from Port Talbot to Carmarthen. This is sufficient to pay the nine men an average of 15 pound sterling per week each.

Other sums of money are frequently sent to the district for special purposes. On March 4th, 120 pound sterling was received at Pontypridd to pay the expenses of delegates to a London conference. On March 10th, a Soviet film "Potemkin" was shown at the Tivoli, Cwmbwria, Swansea, and 25 pound sterling was sent to cover expenses, although 6d. and 3d. was charged for admission.

In order to support the work of the local men, prominent speakers of national reputation are frequently sent down. Harry Pollitt was here for one week in February. He addressed 8 meetings, mostly held in the local welfare halls from Neath to Cross Hands. The average attendance was 1,000. Charges of 6d. and 3d. were made for admission. The arrangement was that Pollitt took half of the receipts, the balance going to the local Communist Branch. Under this arrangement, Pollitt must have taken about 70 pound sterling for his week's visit. He claimed, that as a result of his speeches, 350 new members joined the Communist party.

The question is often asked as to how the Bolsheviks are able to spend so much money on propaganda in this country. The explanation probably is that some part of the Soviet trading balance in London, now amounting to 13,000,000 pound sterling is used for this purpose. If this assumption is correct, then it is we who are paying for this campaign with our own money.

At present the Red movement is concentrated more in the Anthracite coalfield than in the metal centres. One of the reasons for their concentration in the anthracite area, is that the Bolsheviks in Moscow wish to increase their exports of Russian Anthracite. It was recently reported from Rouen that strenuous efforts were being made there on behalf of Soviet Coal producers to capture part of the extensive Welsh Anthracite trade with France. A stoppage in West Wales would obviously facilitate the export of Soviet Anthracite from the Donetz Basin.

The Communists claim that since they commenced their agitations the membership of the South Wales Miners' Federation has increased from 63,000 to 111,000. No doubt they will ultimately wreck the Federation if their present tactics are continued, but, unfortunately, they may inflict heavy losses on employers and employed in the process.

ANTIKOMINTERN NEWS SERVICE

1935

The SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4172. Vol. 160

21 SEPTEMBER, 1935

Unshackle Britain's Foreign Policy

Reprinted from the
"Sunday Dispatch"

By Collin Brooks

THE general satisfaction caused by M. Laval's decisive assurance that France, with Britain, does not shrink from the obligations of the Covenant should not blind us to full meaning of those obligations.

As M. Laval himself implied the responsibilities do not begin and end with expressions of moral hopes or a readiness to undertake Colonial policing.

There is no question, even, of deciding when those obligations are operative and when not.

If Italy attacks Abyssinia, Britain is automatically at war with Italy.

Equally, if France, after some incident on the frontier of French Indo-China and Siam, took punitive measures against Siam, Britain would be automatically at war with France.

If Russia, over some trivial dispute, crossed the frontier to punish bandits in Manchuria, Britain would be automatically at war with the Soviet Republics.

There is no question of a unanimous vote of the Council of the League of Nations. There is no question of a consent to apply sanctions.

The thing is automatic.

IT MEANS WAR

Article 16 of the Covenant is forthright and specific:

"Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not . . ."

This means that not only would Britain be automatically at war in any of the circumstances that I have outlined, but would shortly be at war in a very wholesale way.

The United States, Germany, Japan and other States outside the League desiring to continue their trade relations with the Covenant-breaking power would find Britain employed to thwart them.

Because Italy seemed an aggressor in Abyssinia, or France in Siam, or Russia in Manchuria, Great

Britain would have to become an aggressor to America, Japan and Germany.

There would be no question, as in the last war, of any neutrals. The personal intercourse of nationals would have to be actively prevented. Not only would the coasts of the selected enemy State have to be blockaded in the old-fashioned sense of being barred to provisions and munitions, but they would have to be blockaded in a much more severe modern sense of being barred to any harmless tourist, or any necessary official from any part of the world whatsoever.

When to-day statesmen or others talk of fulfilling our obligations to the Covenant what they mean is that we must be ready to antagonise to the point of blood and slaughter all the nations of the world who have no obligations similar to our own and who insist upon maintaining pacific relations with our particular enemy.

THE WORLD AGAINST US

Wild and whirling as the words may read, it is a cold fact that our obligations under Article 16 may drag us at any time into a war with four major world Powers, including the United States of America.

Anyone asked to realise that fact for the first time will probably answer that although this may be the letter of the law, in practice such a thing cannot be.

They will probably say that when Corfu was attacked, when Japan moved into Manchuria, when Germany rearmed, when Bolivia and Paraguay were at war, Britain was not involved.

That is true—and it means that these obligations of which we now make so much have four times been entirely disregarded. The appeal which may now drag us into a world war of strangely assorted allies is an appeal to a bond which we have four times regarded as non-existent.

When the League was created it was not intended to grow into an instrument for bringing its Members into wholesale conflict with powerful non-Members.

The theory behind Article 16 was that all the world would stand against a single outlaw.

America at the beginning refused to bind herself.

Her absence crippled, but did not kill the League. It did not kill the League because America stayed out for the good reason that she would not meddle with other peoples' affairs.

Germany and Russia were then in chaos.

Both were eventually admitted. But no universality was attained. When Japan and Germany walked out universality was impossible.

To-day—and this is the essence of the matter—if Italy or any other major Power either leaves the League or is regarded as its enemy, the Members of the League become to all intents and purposes merely a small band of allies facing another band of allies as strong as they or probably stronger.

As Sir Samuel Hoare told the Assembly—"there are too many empty chairs!"

When Japan and Germany left a League that already lacked the United States, and the League demonstrated itself as either a quite powerless debating society (as with Japan) or a means of making any petty colonial squabble into a world war—then the League of Nations as we had conceived it in 1919 and 1920 was dead.

It was then my own faith in it broke.

I have always been politically a Conservative Imperialist, but the breaking of confidence in the League sprang from no particular political feeling.

Mr. Spender, a distinguished Liberal publicist, for the same reasons reached, and enunciated, the same conclusion—that the old League had gone and what remained could not fulfil its high functions.

As Sir Thomas Inskip said only a week ago, sanctions without universality were futile.

But British foreign policy remains fettered.

It is impossible now for the Ministers charged with the care of our national safety to act as reason may dictate. They are shackled by Article 16 although the conjoint contract of the nations which gave Article 16 its validity has long been broken.

The shackle which is on our foreign policy means that, whatever our statesmen may wish or will, one of two things faces us. Either our youth will find itself marching in a cause remote and unworthy of their sacrifice—or this land, which was hardly saved in the last war, will be plunged into the horrors of aerial attack and blockade in a new world war that need never have come.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|---------|
| UNSHACKLE BRITAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY— <i>Collin Brooks</i> | 193—194 |
| THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS | 194—196 |
| OUR CHAMPION HOARE—By <i>Lady Houston D.B.E.</i> | 197 |
| THE HOWLING DERVISHES— <i>Kim</i> | 198—199 |
| RANDOM RHYMES— <i>Hamadryad</i> | 199 |
| SCANDAL OF THE ARMY— <i>Major G. H. Reade</i> | 200 |
| BALDWIN—POLITICAL HYBRID— <i>Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.</i> | 201 |
| THE IMPORTANCE OF MALTA— <i>Margaret Sparrow</i> | 202 |
| LONDON IN DEADLY DANGER— <i>J. Walton Newbold, M.A.</i> | 203 |
| CONFLICT AROUND GENEVA— <i>Robert Machray</i> | 204 |

| | PAGE |
|---|---------|
| SHIPPING SERVICES IN DANGER | 205 |
| RACING— <i>David Learmonth</i> | 206 |
| TRIAL BY PEERS— <i>Horace Wyndham</i> | 207 |
| LITVINOFF— <i>Meriel Buchanan</i> | 208—209 |
| WARREN HASTINGS— <i>Hamish Blair and Helen White</i> | 210—212 |
| BOOK REVIEWS— <i>Literary Critic</i> | 213 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 214—215 |
| MOTORING— <i>Sefton Cummings</i> | 216 |
| THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK | 219—221 |
| CITY | 222—223 |
| THEATRE NOTES— <i>C.S.</i> | 223 |
| CINEMA— <i>Mark Forrest</i> | 224 |
| BROADCASTING— <i>Alan Howland</i> | 224 |

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Conflicting Views

Leader writers during last week-end were busily engaged in putting forth fearlessly and without favour the views of their directors. Thus, one might read any interpretation of M. Laval's speech which took one's fancy merely by making a judicious selection of newspapers.

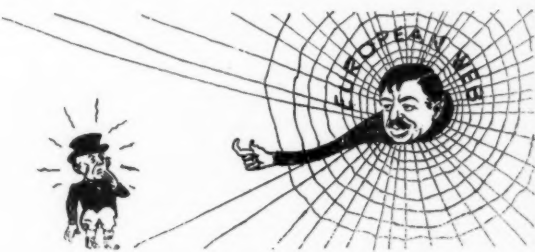
To our mind, M. Laval's meaning was perfectly clear. He was prepared to co-operate with England in any reasonable endeavours likely to lead to peace; but when it came to the actual imposition of sanctions, he was content to leave this thorny question to future discussions.

One thing, however, he said, categorically, that if England wished France to co-operate with her in so perilous an enterprise, then England would have to commit herself to future imbroglios more perilous still.

Sir Samuel's Cake

The attempt on the part of Sir Samuel Hoare to involve other nations in a war which, for some extraordinary reason, seems to have taken his

fancy, but to leave this country free to keep out of similar situations in the future made no appeal to French logic. M. Laval said politely that Sir Samuel must decide either to eat his cake or to keep it. In other words, if France is to give us active support, then we must pledge ourselves to defend France against Germany.



Developed logically, this means, of course, that we shall be bound to defend any other nations which engage in a dispute with a more powerful neighbour. Such a pledge could only mean that our resources during the next few years would be frittered away in a number of wars, none of which concerned us and any one of which might develop

into a universal conflagration which would result in our ultimate destruction.

**

The Voice of the People

Such madness will, we feel certain, be checked. But the brake will be applied not by our politicians, but by the common sense of the people, who are determined to develop the Empire and to refuse to be led into European entanglements.

It is true that there is a highly vocal faction which has lost its sense of proportion in the idealism of the League of Nations Union. But, though highly proficient in the art of clacking, this section represents the opinion of but a small proportion of the populace. The far greater majority, which thinks much more deeply than the Government realise because it thinks quietly, knows perfectly well that, even if war were desirable, which it is not, we are utterly unprepared for it.

**

Undoing Years of Work

Moreover, the real backbone of the country is asking itself why we should embark on such an enterprise when British interests are not threatened. After surviving a difficult period of World depression we have made a recovery unapproached by any other nation. This recovery has been due, not to any Government action, but to the pluck, self sacrifice, and quiet determination of the people. It is well known that any war, however trifling, would undo in a day the patient work of years; how much more disastrous would be an ill-judged adventure which could only lead to a major conflict.

**

Universal War

There is also another aspect to the question. The application of sanctions involves the holding up and turning back of ships of neutral nations carrying supplies to belligerents. Can it be thought for one moment that countries such as Japan which have had the good sense to resign from the League will quietly submit to such interference with their legitimate trade. This sort of high handed action is bound to lead first to protests and afterwards to action, and may well bring in powerful and heavily armed nations on the side of Italy. If this should happen, the resulting war might well be on a scale which would eclipse even that of 1914.

On the other hand it might not be. It might be between Italy and other irate Powers on one side and Great Britain on the other. For, in spite of what other members of the League of Nations may promise at the moment, there is, as history has taught us, a vast difference between promises and fulfilment.

We take leave to be very chary of the help we might expect from the smaller members in the event of sanctions being applied against Italy, while as for putting our trust in Russia, who is in the League purely and simply for what she can get out of it, this would be actually amusing if it were not tragic.

**

John Bull and Russia

In any case, Russia is far removed from Italy, and is not in the least likely to be affected by any action she might take against those who interfere



with her. Doubtless the wily M. Litvinoff knows this very well and feels perfectly safe in leading other people up the garden, secure in the knowledge that his country, so far from finding it difficult to keep out of the resulting war, cannot very well be brought in.

**

Mens Sana —!

The complete lack of sense of reality displayed by ardent League supporters is demonstrated by the sequel to the expressed intention of the Govern-



ment of Lithuania to appeal to the signatory Powers of the League, asking them to warn Germany.

Some ingenuous souls are already proposing that Italy, among other countries, should interfere in order to uphold League prestige. It would be strange indeed if a nation which the League has been doing its best to goad into fury, should act in so chivalrous a manner and rush to the support of its other activities. That such a situation would be Gilbertian is not perceived by these well meaning cranks who, whatever other qualities they may possess, have no sense of the ridiculous. To them, the grotesque situation of a country diverting her attention from far more pressing matters to rally to the support of an organisation which is attempting to chastise her, and to continue this support while the attempted chastisement is still going on, seems perfectly normal.

Poland Takes Umbrage

Meanwhile, the League Powers are already beginning to squabble among themselves. Poland has taken exception to some remarks of M. Litvinoff during the course of his speech at Geneva last Saturday, which criticised the German-Polish non-aggression pact. It seems only a matter of time before so many petty antagonisms have arisen



between small nations that there will be a waiting list of aggrieved countries seeking redress as long as that in our English Courts of Justice.

* *

Soviet Humbug for Export

"Comrade" Litvinoff, the Soviet delegate to the League of Nations, stated at Geneva that he was in favour of sanctions against Italy.

Russia joined the League of Nations to collaborate in the cause of peace and that was why he advised the Council not to shrink from necessary decisions.—*Daily Worker*, 6 September.

This and other news on the Italo-Abyssinian discussion at Geneva was given in the *Daily Worker* under a streamer-heading on the front page, which read: "U.S.S.R. Demands Sanctions." The Soviet organ is, in fact, urging sanctions in every issue, and applauds the T.U.C. decision on this matter. It is also calling upon dockers and transport workers to refuse to handle goods for Italy. But if we turn to the *New Leader*, September 6, we find a Special Correspondent describing how Italy is getting goods for war purposes. Among the countries from which Italy is getting supplies is Soviet Russia! The correspondent quoted the following Reuter telegram from London published widely in the Continental Press:—

"It has become known that the Italian Government has ordered nine thousand tons of wheat from the Soviet Union to supply the troops in Africa. A British boat has been chartered to transport the load from the Black Sea to Massawah. Another transport is expected to take place next month. It is stated that the Soviet Union had to defeat sharp competition from the Argentine, Canada, and the Danube States to secure the order."

It is added by the correspondent that "another cargo of wheat from Soviet Russia is now being transferred in a Greek ship."

An I.L.P. Appeal

It has recently come to light that the Soviet Government is supplying Italy with oil—an essential to her in any war with Abyssinia. This has alarmed the *New Leader*, which is appealing to the workers of the world, including those of the Soviet Union, to refuse to handle such goods destined for Italy. As *The Patriot* points out, however, the *New Leader* does not indicate how the workers in the Soviet Union can do this. Would the Soviet Government allow them to strike? The I.L.P. leaders must know that strikes—even strikes for peace—are not allowed in Soviet Russia. The Soviet Government is obviously making money out of the war needs of Italy, and the strikes urged in the *Daily Worker* and other Soviet organs in order to stop goods for Italy are to be confined to the capitalist countries. In the meantime, Soviet Russia will compete with the capitalist countries in getting big orders. How can any intelligent people of Britain be induced to swallow the dope from Moscow ladled out in most of our Press?

* *

New Naval Policy

To deal with altered circumstances, our Naval Grand Panjandrums are busily engaged in devising a new form of strategy. While preserving their faith in the battleship, they realise the loss involved in the event of one being sunk by the enemy; so, with commendable prudence, they have decided that these leviathans shall be hidden away out of danger in some remote harbour, such as Milford Haven.

The battleships are to be exposed to the risks of war only when the enemy's "opposite numbers" come out. Unfortunately, as we have cause to remember during the late war, the enemy's big ships have a habit of coming out, raiding our coast, and returning to their base before our own battle fleet can catch them. This was when the Fleet was at Scapa Flow. Milford Haven is even further from the probable scene of enemy activity.

* *

Defeatists

In the olden days, when Britannia ruled the waves, the British Navy was accustomed to go out and attack the enemy and, though we admit that, in these days of mines and submarines, capital ships are exposed to hidden dangers to which the old wooden walls were not subjected, yet such a dismal and defeatist policy fills us with gloom.

If these smaller ships and submarines are so deadly, then we must immediately set to work to build such a fleet of them that, not only are we able to bottle up the enemy's battle fleet, but that we are able to destroy his auxiliary vessels as well.

In other words there is no object in our possessing expensive battleships at all, if they cannot embark upon offensive actions.

OUR CHAMPION HOARE

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE IS FAMOUS for being a beautiful skater—especially when dressed in black silk tights—but this accomplishment has not made a statesman of him—FOR HE WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SURRENDER OF INDIA.

The Abyssinians' lives are so precious—so sacred to Sir Samuel Hoare that he is ready to risk a world wide war in attempting to save them—but the risk of a massacre of the English in India—of which he received the gravest warnings from Lord Lloyd—Sir Michael O'Dwyer—and others who know India—when he forced the White Paper down the throats of Anglo Indians, the Indian Princes, and other Loyal Indians, left him quite unperturbed—of course—in India only Englishmen and their wives and children and faithful and loyal Indians are in danger—in Abyssinia *the lives of unknown foreigners are at stake.*

At Geneva—Sir Samuel Hoare said—"My Country stands by the League"—Bombastic and misleading words that suggest that the English Nation entirely agree with this pronouncement, and that England has a wild desire to be governed by a League of foreigners—whose languages have to be interpreted to our Foreign Minister and whose expenses must be paid by Great Britain. ENGLAND REPUDIATES THESE WORDS SPOKEN BY SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SHE HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING DICTATED TO BY THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

When I offered to finance the Air Defence of London—the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined it *as if it had been offered to him as a personal gift.*

Egotists through and through—men in the "National" Government can only think in personalities. The Country is a very secondary consideration—THEY are the Country—THEY are the Empire—is the way THEY think and speak—but I was not thinking of THEM—I was thinking of the safety of London when I made this Offer—and that is the difference between a Patriot and a Politician.

To Patriots who love their Country—they have proved themselves such dead failures in their administration—they are of no more importance than flies crawling up a window pane. IT IS WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR THE COUNTRY—AND WHAT YOU ARE DOING—THAT MATTERS—and *a ghastly mess you are making of things.*

Will Sir Samuel Hoare answer these questions?—If Italy leaves the League, and settles the Abyssinian dispute in a much shorter time than is anticipated, what is to prevent Mussolini turning round and saying to England—"You have insulted, you have threatened, you have BULLIED ME. You have put every difficulty in my way—NOW IT IS MY TURN—ITALY VICTORIOUS DECLARES WAR AGAINST ENGLAND"—and who could blame him?—What would Sir Samuel Hoare and his co "Sanction-ists" do then? Conscription—the only alternative—*would then be too late*—a ghastly, sardonic, joke for Sir Samuel Hoare and his PRO-DISARMAMENT COLLEAGUES—who—although they have turned their coats (like welshers on a race course)—ignorant and without judgment—still speak with the authority and conviction of men **who have always been wrong on every occasion and have never ceased to work against their country's welfare.**

The Howling Dervishes

By Kim

THERE was a time in British history when the Druids, with their wild men, their magicians, witches and serried masses faced the Roman Legions under Agricola. Tacitus tells us that at night even the hardened Roman soldiers quailed when they saw mysterious rites by fire light, when the Druid leaders were endeavouring to arouse fear by their threats, imprecations, and magic incantations. But they speedily mastered their fears of an uncanny enemy, and when they charged, the Druids were massacred or fled without being able to put up the least resistance.

History, it is said, often repeats itself. At times imbecility appears to paralyse the judgment of certain persons. To-day, our Government which has been utterly pacifist for a succession of years, suddenly becomes so bellicose as to appear to want to force a war, under the plea of "Sanctions," without the means of implementing the means to compel the observance of "Sanctions," owing to their past neglect.

Their "War front" consists of a long-drawn line, at one end being Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and those who regard the League of Nations as our "sheet-anchor," and at the other the Socialists and Communists who are as bellicose to-day as they were pacifist a little time ago. Like the ancient Druids they are all there with their threats, imprecations, and incantations and have nothing else behind them.

EDGE OF THE ABYSS

Mr. Walter Elliot, a Cabinet Minister, told an audience the other day that the Government had the nation behind it, *including their opponents*. They have not the nation behind them. The great mass of the people want peace and are utterly opposed to starting a gratuitous quarrel in Europe, whose end no man can foresee, to enforce a principle of the League of Nations. If the Government in this matter bring us to the edge of the abyss, they will find what the nation thinks of their mad and wanton project. Whether M. Mussolini defies the League or no, war as a result is intolerable.

Mr. Baldwin can look round and obtain such satisfaction as he may from the League of Nations Union, led by that fanatic Lord Cecil, who has always been woolly-headed; or the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, whose pacifism is tinged with Socialism and are ready to see the Empire given away piecemeal but are anxious to take every step to defend the sovereignty of a slave-owning negro state. The pacifists in the Churches are loud in their clamour to enforce sanctions—which Sir Austen Chamberlain has said in Parliament without question means War—so long as others fight for them.

It is time also that the Labour T.U.C. voted in favour of Sanctions. The motives of the Socialists were revealed in all their ugliness when Sir Walter Citrine exclaimed, "Now is the time to defend Soviet Russia by defending Abyssinia." Certainly the Socialist leader, Mr. George Lansbury, having breathed fire and slaughter, suddenly turns round and says he cannot advocate bloodshed, but these seem rather more like tactics than honesty, for he was previously telling an interviewer of a Sunday newspaper that the Labour Party stands by the League Covenant and all that it involves, and said also "The Party will unquestionably back the Government if it calls for Sanctions to put an end to Italian aggression in Abyssinia." As he has not resigned the leadership of the Socialist Party, his pious refusal to agree to bloodshed is all moonshine.

MEN OF WORDS

Such are the howling dervishes who are supporting the Government in their wild efforts to prevent Mussolini taking up arms against the Abyssinians. None of them are in the least likely to volunteer to fight if by their jingoism they promote a war. Men like Citrine, Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Sir Norman Angell, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, and Mr. H. J. Laski, all in the forefront of the clamour, were not among our leading combatants in the last war. And what is the truth underlying this violent campaign, ostensibly to protect the Abyssinian natives from the troubles they have brought on themselves? It is political hatred. The one link which binds the gang together from the highest to the lowest, is hatred of Fascism, hatred and fear of Mussolini, the arch-enemy of revolution.

Not fear of tyranny. These Socialists are ready to support and aid the Russian Soviet Government in everything, though they are the most cruel and heartless tyrants on a mass scale in the world's history. No, it is Mussolini. It is Fascism. It is fear of a robust nationalism which, once it takes hold of this country as it will do when we have gone through the agonies of defeat and starvation and ruin, will sweep these Communists, Pacifists, and Democracy-lovers into the sea. Anything to overthrow Mussolini, because they think that if they can frighten him into any compromise over Abyssinia, his power will be broken. He will crash. They openly boast of this. The Government of to-day have been grossly unjust to Fascism or strong national aims to-day. They are swept also by bitter partisanship.

So far have they gone down the path to ruin that it is not impossible to believe Mr. Baldwin's Government will guarantee France in any war which may occur on the Continent, against Germany or any

other quarrel, in return for her support to coerce Mussolini. If so, Italy will be thrown into the arms of Germany, even at the sacrifice of Austria, and we shall be plunged in a war indescribably more terrible and destructive than the last. Conscription will be compulsory at once for all, but

we shall fight against odds we cannot overcome, as our Navy, our Army and our Air Force are incapable of giving us adequate protection, thanks to the Pacifists now clamouring for war.

This is what this continued interference with Italy is leading us to.

RANDOM RHYMES

Guide to Geneva

This is Geneva, the seat of the League;
Hope of the world, the home of intrigue,
And yonder's the seat where lately sat
Mr. Teclé Hawariat.
His face was black but his shirt was white,
And he didn't believe that might is right,
An error he'd hardly have made, alack,
If his face had been white and his shirt had been black.

Social Discredit

Hitler, the Fuhrer—it's all in the news—
Pledged his life to suppress the Jews;
And won't Dr. Schacht begin to swear,
When neither the Jews nor the cash are there!

The White Man's Burden

Men like Baldwin and Samuel Hoare
Have got us into trouble before,
And wouldn't the whole British Empire heave a
Sigh of relief if they'd quit Geneva,
And never go back any more?

La Vie Parisienne

M. Laval
Wants everyone to be France's pal,
But considers it smacks of Utopia
For the League to fuss about Ethiopia,
When its only legitimate business is to advance
The interests of France.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table

The distributors of milk
Are determined to bilk
The award
Of the Milk Marketing Board,
And the Board says "Go on and squeal:
We mean to give the farmers a square deal"—
A situation not without humour
For the consumer.

United Ireland

The League that once through Leman's hall
Its loud chin music shed
Will spring to life at Eamon's call
Although it's nearly dead.

But all in vain his slogan is
"Hibernians, unite!"
O'Duffy says that Italy's
The side on which he'll fight.

Zoological Item

Hark how the British lion roars,
And shakes his hoary mane.
His voice resembles Sammy Hoare's;
They've pulled his teeth and cut his cloars;
He moves as though in pain,
But still they egg him on to fight,
Though he can neither scratch nor bite.

HAMADRYAD.

Scandal of the Army

By Major G. H. Reade

TEN years ago I stood with a group of foreign military attachés on the slopes of Quarley Hill and witnessed at close quarters the assault of the Mercian infantry on the Wessex defenders of the key position of their right flank.

It was the culminating feature of the Army manoeuvres of 1925. Since then, and until this week, there have been no Army manoeuvres held in this country on anything like the same scale.

Then, some 44,000 troops were employed. This year the figures are about the same. Then, as now, mechanised formations were used, and the post-war principles of a modern Army were being introduced with a view to their development, and the introduction also of new weapons. Naturally the foreign military attachés were much interested.

By 1927 the British Army was leading the world in its changes towards mechanisation and its conceptions of mobility and fire-power as vital forces to determine swift and conclusive results.

Then suddenly all development ceased. Experimental Infantry Brigades came to an end. Mechanisation became stationary. The rôle of the British Army was changed into that of an armed British Police Force. The soldier became an object of political distrust and even dislike. Pacifist propaganda of a deceptive and lying type was circulated widely to blacken the very name of soldier, unmindful of what the country owed to the Armies of 1914-1918.

PACIFIST PARSIMONY

Money was stinted to such an extent that even rifle ammunition was counted out round by round. Army manoeuvres ceased. Regiments were reduced to skeleton strength. No new weapons were introduced as promised. A decade passed in which every European nation, the Japanese and the American, left the British far behind in their onward march to creating modern Armies.

To-day, at least eight years too late, surrounded by problems which might conceivably call for the enrolment of the nation's manhood to defend our shores and our Empire, a mild interest is being shown in the Army. I use the word "mild" advisedly, for whereas £110,000 was allocated to pay for the extra expense of the 1925 manoeuvres, less than £40,000 is being spent this year.

The foreign military attachés are here again. But they see the same rifle and the same light machine guns. The British Army has promises of new weapons, but they are not yet issued. They see some of the old tanks which were used in 1925 and earlier, and a few new medium tanks, but their number is conspicuously small and there are no reserves. And as to a Light Tank Brigade, it does not exist.

These attachés will not need to write home anything alarming as to Britain's new and powerful weapons. The manoeuvres will make no deep impression on their minds, when they compare their own Armies with ours.

When it is realised what Japan has done to create a strong and mobile Army; what the U.S.A. has done to spend vast sums on the mechanisation of her forces; what Germany has done to recreate a mighty Army; what France has done by most careful and systematic preparation of powerful fire-units and complete mechanisation of Cavalry Divisions; and what Italy has done and is now doing both in Italy and in Africa, it will be appreciated what the policy of "stand still" has meant and will mean to Great Britain if the coming weeks bring this country into the jaws of war.

A MERE SHADOW

Actually our Army is many thousands weaker than it was in 1925; the Territorial Army tens of thousands weaker; the Reserves a mere shadow of what they were then.

Just think! In order to send three Infantry Battalions to Malta, as has just been ordered, the 5th Division at home, the Division which guards the whole of the North of England, our great industrial centres, is reduced to only eight battalions. The 14th Infantry Brigade is actually reduced to only one Infantry Regiment, the 13th Infantry Brigade to three.

From where will we get troops if it is necessary to send a Division to Egypt and the Canal zone? Only by depleting the Aldershot and Eastern Command Divisions and leaving England with a handful of Regular troops.

Alone of the Armies of the world our organisation is archaic. It is very nearly identical with what it was in 1900. The soldier carries the same weight, unless he has some mechanised transport to assist and there is, as yet, only one completely mechanised Brigade. There were two in 1927!

The Army Council has been making up its mind to make a number of vital changes. It is still making up its mind, as is the Uniform Committee which has been sitting for nearly 40 years and is still dilly-dallying about a serviceable field uniform and lighter equipment.

No one seems capable of getting "a move-on." And we are drifting nearer and nearer to war.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Baldwin—Political Hybrid

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

FOR his support of the Bill which will fling India into a state of anarchy, Mr. Stanley Baldwin is, it seems, to have his reward. Liberals, already prominent in that most questionable achievement, doubtless elated by their success, are now making public offers of their allegiance to him (vide *Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 9th), on condition that the National Government is not reinforced with a truly Conservative element.

"Most Liberals. I believe," writes Sir Alfred Watson, "would recognise in Mr. Baldwin a statesman (*sic*!) whose general views on policy do not differ greatly from their own and are certainly in advance of the programme of Liberalism of the last generation. But . . . if there is to be co-operation the prevailing note of the National Government must be the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Baldwin rather than the aggressive forcefulness of those who support Mr. Churchill."

Doubtless Mr. Baldwin will be full of gratitude at this elevation to the ranks of statesmanship and for this affecting tribute to the prevailing temper of his mind, but how little cause for gratitude Conservatives can have is fully revealed by the remainder of this ingratiating epistle. "Having forced the Conservative leader to throw away India we can now, by a little flattery, enforce our own desires and theories in home affairs," would seem to be the inspiration behind it; but the real tragedy of this country is that Mr. Baldwin has already left Sir Alfred Watson so very little to require of him.

Almost all that politicians can do to disrupt the Empire has been done, while between Liberalism and Mr. Baldwin in the sphere of foreign affairs, this letter informs us, "there would appear to be no substantial difference—the National Government has given full support to the League of Nations, with all that is implied thereby." With what anger must Conservatives repeat that last phrase! "With all that is implied thereby."

At home, Liberalism, according to Sir Alfred Watson, is well pleased with Mr. Baldwin's Government. Liberalism would perhaps go a little faster, but certainly in the same direction. Rehousing, improved education, improved social conditions are mentioned as the joint aspirations of Liberalism and Mr. Baldwin. Does Sir Alfred Watson realise how Mr. Baldwin's slum clearance schemes, his vaunted efforts at improved social conditions, have largely resulted in the grossest injustice and the open robbery of the individual Englishman? Our Mr. Baldwin is gaining a

reputation as reformer at the expense of the suffering of the voiceless and helpless; but perhaps Sir Alfred Watson, like many who dabble in politics, knows nothing of these things.

But, it may be asked, if all is agreeable, if all is adulation, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin the true fulfilment of the Liberal dream, what is the purpose of this public address? As so often happens, the sting lies in the tail. The letter concludes by pointing out as the sole obstacle between the perfect union of Liberalism and Mr. Baldwin "the difficult matter of the tariff policy," and there could be no more damning commentary on Mr. Baldwin's leadership of the Conservative Party than the mere fact that a return to "free trade" can be suggested to him, without humorous intent or intention to insult.

"On the Liberal side it might be conceded," says the letter, "that what has been done cannot be immediately undone; on the Conservative side that the main effort of all parties should be directed to freeing trade as quickly as possible from tariffs, quotas and restrictions."

When it is realised that the introduction of tariffs is the one and only act of Conservative policy attempted by all the Conservative post-war Governments, ready as they have been to sink their identity in a welter of Socialistic legislation, the colossal effrontery of this suggestion becomes truly apparent, but we cannot for a moment suppose that it will be taken as effrontery by Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin was very recently described by one of his own offspring as a Socialist. He is now adopted by Sir Alfred Watson as a Liberal. Whatever strange political hybrid he may be, it is quite certain that he is no Conservative, yet it is hardly credible that even he would barter what little security our trade has gained. Nevertheless, since this is the day of any concession for a vote, real Conservatives would do well to keep a wary eye.

If government action were based upon the true Conservative conceptions of minimum taxation, a minimum of interference, and a maximum of protection not for any official or bureaucracy, but for the man who makes the individual effort, while tariffs which protect him also serve to bind the Empire in closer economic unity, we should quickly find that government action can start with economy and end in abundance—but we are not likely to see this while Mr. Baldwin directs the fortunes of the Party.



The Importance of Malta

By Margaret Sparrow

LITTLE more than a strip of unsubmerged rock, seventeen miles long by nine miles broad, the remnant of a land bridge that in prehistoric times joined Europe and Africa, Malta occupies a unique place in the British Empire, for she became British at her own request.

It was on September 7th, 1799, 136 years ago, that the British flag was first hoisted in Malta. The island had been treacherously surrendered to Napoleon by the Knights of St. John who had held it for two hundred and fifty years. They had made it the bulwark of Christendom against the marauding Turks. Their galleys had policed the Mediterranean, incidentally enriching the treasures of their Order by the capture of Barbary corsairs who carried some of the rarest spoils of the East.

It was owing to the sacrilegious pillage of their treasures by Napoleon and his emissaries that the

There is a commonly accepted belief even among well-informed persons that the Maltese are Italian stock, and their language an Italian *patois*. This is, however, a fallacy. The Maltese are Semitic in origin, and their language is a Semitic one. Only about 15 per cent. of the people speak Italian.

The nearness of the island to Italy and their common Catholic faith create, however, natural bonds of sympathy, yet without touching the loyalty and patriotism of the Maltese.

I was standing the other day on one of the high bastions that overlook Marsa Mucetto harbour, the home of the destroyers of the Mediterranean fleet. It was midnight and the blue darkness had the luminosity of a sapphire. Lights twinkled below like stars in an inverted sky. They were the lights of the ships in the harbour, of Manoel Island, the lazaretto in the bay, the farthest were



Malta became British at her own request

Maltese appealed to Britain for help, and it was Lord Nelson who sailed to their rescue. A year later the French finally surrendered their claim to the island and in this way we became possessed of a formidable fortress and a magnificent naval base.

The possession of Malta by England was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, and the attitude of the Maltese to the event is commemorated by a tablet fixed to the Governor's Palace on which these words are inscribed in Latin:

The love of the Maltese and the voice of Europe confirms the possession of these islands to the great and invincible Britain.

If the nations fail to avert war, its theatre, at least, will now be largely in the air, and as an air base Malta will continue to be of equal strategic importance to the Empire that she has been in the past as a fortress and a harbour.

on the shore of Shenja opposite, pale, flickering lights that faded into the blue darkness.

Suddenly there shot up from below a shaft of light; it slit the curtain of darkness like a knife and stretched two thousand feet or more above us.

I gazed up fascinated. The beam threw a patch of white light stronger than daylight on the clouds. It darted hither and thither illuminating the skies with vivid splashes of light, till suddenly I saw a tiny dark object caught in its ray. It was the candle pursuing the moth. In vain the moth flew desperately away, the remorseless ray followed it. There was no escape, the moth was trapped in the mesh of light.

It was Malta's searchlight detachment practising the part one hopes they may never have to play in earnest—that of detecting enemy aeroplanes for the anti-aircraft guns.

London in Deadly Danger

By J. Walton Newbold, M.A.

(Former M.P. and Member of the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Industry, 1929-31.)

NIGHT after night during the summer aeroplanes droned over South-Eastern England, putting to the test the defences of London. How many of the people who heard the droning gave serious thought to the problem which was thus being worked out in their hearing and above their heads?

Never in history has there been anything to compare with this development of the last few years, the carrying out of the exercises indispensable to the national defence, within the very confines of a great imperial capital. Here are no navies steaming away into the blue distance beyond the horizon to play a colossal game of hide and seek, no armies brought together and manoeuvred over a sparsely populated countryside. Here is an armada of flying ships actually needing to be brought into mimic action a mile above the nerve-centre of the Empire. "Needing" is the word which alone is exact to describe the experiment.

Even were bombing of the civilian population to be ruled out, no one in his senses would ever anticipate that an enemy State would refrain from an attempt to assail armament works. The arms factories around London and in the South of England are a legacy of the national will to survive and to prevail in the age-long struggle for national existence. They have continued to exist and to expand during generations and centuries, and they are in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital of this as of every other State.

VULNERABLE TO AIR ATTACK

They are, as I said recently in evidence presented before the Royal Commission on the Manufacture of Arms, "survivals from altogether different conditions of warfare by sea and air" and, in the case of "the Royal Arsenal and Small Arms Factory and the Royal Dockyards of Sheerness, Chatham and Portsmouth . . . and a very considerable part of the plant belonging to Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. and other engineering and chemical concerns contributory to the manufacture of war material, located in areas vulnerable to air attack."

The first two of these establishments and the machine-gun, fuse, bomb and shell-filling and aeroplane factories of Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. are all within the zone of operations of the annual exercises of the Royal Air Force over London.

During the 48-hour period of raids I was at Dagenham and in the Valley of the Lea. At the former there was a selected target down by the Thames in the factory of the Solvent Products Ltd. Immediately adjacent on one side were the tremendous pylons carrying the cables of the "Grid" from Essex to Kent, and nearby on the other was the continuous expanse of the Ford Works. Technically, these last are not arms

factories, but they are "engineering and chemical concerns contributory to the manufacture of war-material." So are the largest power-plant and the finest gas-works and tar-distillation and by-products extraction plant you can see in Western Europe, the Barking Power Station and the Beckton Gas-Works.

Across the Thames are the ammunition and machine-gun and fuse factories of Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. at Dartford and at Crayford. Superb in equipment and excellent in management, to me they seem to leave very little to be desired save the one deficiency they share with the equally fine establishment of the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield Lock, which I went over very recently. That is their capacity for either camouflage or concealment. The same thing applies to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. The machinery, the lay-out, the management: I would back them all three against any other and similar works I have seen in the United States or in Europe. They are a credit to the country, and, whether privately owned or operated by the Government, they are good in all respects but one.

LIVES IN PERIL

Each and all of them are a danger to their neighbours and to themselves. Each and all are absolutely legitimate targets for an enemy, each and all are located where they imperil the lives of tens of thousands and the property of the public to the tune of millions sterling.

Near to the Small Arms Factory are the walls of the King George V Reservoir and the huge power-station of the North Metropolitan Company at Brimsdown. Accident to either of these—and each of them is only about one-third of a mile distant from the arms factory—would be a catastrophe for all the housing estates and industries in the Lea Valley. The Royal Arsenal is right in the midst of a congested urban area and opposite to Beckton Gas Works and the entrance to the Docks at North Woolwich.

As I watched the aerial squadrons flying high overhead, this conclusion forced itself upon me. These arms factories have no more right to remain where they are than shell factories and gun-shops would have had immediately behind the Western Front in the Great War. They ought to be moved lock, stock and barrel across to the West Coast, and, as far as possible, they should be split up into small units and scattered in the dales of the Pennines, the valleys of Wales and the glens of the Highlands. Cost what it may, let us put them where they will not be lost to us well within the first week of the outbreak of a war.

My other conclusion is that nothing in this present world is more menacing than aerial disarmament. For there is only one real defence and that is the deterrent of the counter-attack.

Conflict Around Geneva

By Robert Machray

CONFLICT continues in and around Geneva, and is certain to become more and more acute as the situation goes on developing in gravity. Warning was given in my article last week in the *Saturday Review* that it would be well to disregard many of the reports and comments appearing in the papers respecting the proceedings in the Council and the Assembly of the League and their results, whether immediate or prospective, as these reports and comments were only too likely to be coloured in one way or another. This warning was abundantly justified by the news and views published in the Press over the week-end and at the beginning of this week.

In most quarters two speeches delivered in the Assembly last week were hailed as "momentous" or "decisive" events. One was that of Sir Samuel Hoare, the Foreign Secretary, and the other was that of M. Laval, the French Prime Minister. The first filled out Mr. Baldwin's statement that the Covenant was the sheet-anchor of British policy, said that the British Government stood by the League in its entirety, and wound up by expressing some exceedingly vague hopes of something or other being provided for the satisfaction of the economic needs of the "Have-Nots." Anyhow, the supporters of the League of Nations Union and a large number of pacifists were delighted, and vociferously proclaimed that at last England had given a lead to the world.

MUSSOLINI'S REPLY

Even among these stalwarts, however, there was a good deal of doubt regarding the attitude of France, but when M. Laval had made his speech he was held to have gone all the way with Sir Samuel Hoare. France, too, was solid for the League, it was roundly asserted, and the French Premier's references, which were of the friendliest character, to Italy and the Franco-Italian Agreement made last January were explained away or considered as negated by his final affirmation of France's devotion to the League.

Some of our papers announced that Mussolini was "finished;" his bluff had been called, and he had been found out, but they were kind enough to say that "retreat" might be made easy for him—on terms; to persevere in his present course was characterised as "extremist folly," and so on. The Duce replied by publishing a rather full report of the Cabinet Council over which he presided in Rome last Saturday, and there was no possibility of mistaking its purport. Not only could there be no compromise in the dispute with Abyssinia, but there was also a very plain hint that Italy was likely to leave the League.

Perhaps the most significant thing in the Italian *communiqué* was the manner in which it alluded to the friendship with France that had been confirmed by the Franco-Italian Agreement, a friend-

ship Italy intended to "develop and strengthen" in the interests of the two countries and of European collaboration. The last words probably refer to the "Stresa Front," which M. Laval had worked so hard to form, but in any case a reaction set in at once in Paris, and French reluctance to oppose Italy became more and more intensified. Many Frenchmen were asking: Why play Germany's game? For that is what the situation amounts to.

To the mystification of the plain man, two of our papers "with the largest circulation," came out with absolutely contradictory accounts of the position. The *Daily Herald* said that M. Laval's speech was a "firm pledge of the intentions of France," while the *Daily Mail* gave the utmost prominence in big headlines to "France's irrevocable 'No' to Sanctions." Personally, I have always thought that the last word in the very critical situation in which France now finds herself will not be said by her politicians, but by her General Staff—and that it will not be for Sanctions, for the risk to France is far too great, in view of the ever-growing strength of Germany, and the weakness of England, now so definitely realised abroad.

A VITAL QUESTION

The pertinent question the French Government has addressed to our own concerning the attitude of England in all League eventualities, meaning thereby war with Germany, shows what is in the mind of France, nor can anyone wonder at French concern who recalls the wobble-wobble policy of our Government. At the moment of writing the question has not been answered, but it may be doubted whether, if given, the response will be satisfactory to France. But if the answer does please her, will not her first request to our Government be that the promptest steps be taken to bring up our Army, Navy and Air Force to adequate strength?

Meanwhile, a parade is being made in the Press of the number of the States who are in the League and already declare they will stand by it. What is the precise value in any big struggle of most of these States? They cannot be said to be formidable, for they are small. Sir Francis Lindley put the matter clearly when he pointed out that when it comes to a question of war involving a Great Power, small countries do not count in the modern world. "Individually," he says, "their value is O; and, though arithmetic is discredited in wide circles, it remains a fact that $O + O = O$."

The simple truth is that these States would not be assets but liabilities. I can well imagine one of these States informing our Government that it was enthusiastically for the League and would send a large contingent, but as it had no funds it must ask for an immediate advance of, say, five millions, preferably in gold!

Reprinted from THE MORNING POST

Shipping Services in Danger

THE Hon. Alexander Shaw, Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, speaking at a dinner on board the new liner *Strathmore* to-night, announced that three important Empire shipping services would be closed in the near future unless action was taken by the Government.

The services concerned, he stated, were the British passenger and mail service between New Zealand, Australia and San Francisco, the similar service between Canada, Australia and New Zealand and the British sea trade between Australia and New Zealand.

"Official records," said Mr. Shaw, "show that year by year the tonnage of British ships entering and clearing at British ports has been going down, while the tonnage of foreign ships entering and clearing at the same British ports has been increasing."

"I regret that the latest figures show that this process of decay is still going on. The facts are easily ascertainable. They are uncontradicted. They are not of good omen for the Empire."

There was another fact, he continued, a fact full of peril for the future of Empire communications.

Empire Trade in Peril

Foreign luxury ships, with a complete monopoly of their own coastal trade extending by a legal fiction to ports more than 2,000 miles away from their coasts were, by virtue of their favoured position and large subsidies, actually placing in peril of extinction British lines, whose survival was an economic necessity in time of peace and might well be even more than that in a great emergency.

"When I say 'grave peril'," he said, "I am not using any language of thoughtless exaggeration. Take the sea trade between Australia and New Zealand—a trade built up by British Empire enterprise. Unless something is done, it will, ere long, be wiped out on that run."

"Not content with the strict reservation of their own domestic trades, the ships of a great, friendly and much respected Power are engaged by virtue of high subsidies, in the process of rendering it impossible for British ships to maintain this purely local British Empire trade except at a loss so severe that it cannot much longer be borne at all. . . ."

"If you doubt that, take another concrete instance—the Line between New Zealand, Australia and San Francisco. It is with a sense almost of desolation that, speaking with full knowledge, I make public for the first time the fact that, unless some defence is afforded, the British passenger and mail service on that line will be withdrawn within the next few months."

Much the same situation, Mr. Shaw continued, applied to the important British shipping link of Empire between Canada, on one side of the Pacific, and Australia and New Zealand on the other.

"A short time ago," Mr. Shaw said, "I had a conversation with the President of that Line and I learned two things. In the first place, heavy losses are being incurred through exactly the same causes as those I have already mentioned."

"In the second place, a building programme, which all concerned are anxious to undertake, is rendered impossible by the fact that unless assistance is afforded by the Governments of the Empire, the new ships would prove nothing but a source of loss to the owners."

"Surely, it is unthinkable that the Governments of the Dominions, or the British Government here at home, will allow these three Lines to be snuffed out. That would mean economic embarrassment in time of peace and grave danger in time of war."

Dangerous Talk

There were those who talked, Mr. Shaw continued, as if they believed that we had only to continue to endure the present inequitable conditions, and then some bright morning foreign countries would be so kind as to cease their policy of restrictions and high subsidies. What possible foundation could there be for so grotesque a view?

"The policy of *laissez-faire* for British shipping must definitely be abandoned if British shipping is to survive in a changed world," he continued. "Upon a great and strong merchant fleet of Britain millions of people in this island depend for their daily bread."

"In an emergency the only ships which can be relied upon to feed the country and keep going the communications of the Empire are, to quote an old phrase, 'ships in the allegiance of the Crown.' The merchant fleet which keeps the life-blood of the Empire circulating is no less essential than the Navy which defends the arteries."

"From the great Port of Liverpool we are justified in sending this message to our own Government and to the Governments of the Dominions:

The fleet of England is her all-in-all;
Her fleet is in your hands,
And in her fleet her fate.
You, you, that have the ordering of her fleet,
If you should only compass her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
Will kick you from your place,
But then too late, too late.

The following table shows the steam, motor and sail tonnage in the world in 1913 and in 1935 as recorded in Lloyd's Register:

FALL IN BRITISH TONNAGE

| | June 30, 1913 | | June 30, 1935 | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|------------|---------------|------------|
| | No. | Gr. Tons | No. | Gr. Tons |
| Great Britain and Ireland ... | 9,214 | 18,696,237 | 7,349 | 17,400,409 |
| Other Countries | 21,377 | 28,273,876 | 23,630 | 47,485,563 |
| World ... | 30,591 | 46,970,113 | 30,979 | 64,885,972 |

RACING

Bahram joins the Immortals

By David Learmonth

AS was generally expected, the Aga Khan's Bahram won the St. Leger with great ease and so joins that elect circle of triple crown winners. It is an exclusive circle and, as befits so select a club, a snobbish one; for the eight previous members have persistently black-balled the three candidates who sought admission during the war. Whether Bahram will melt their hearts in these democratic days it is too soon yet to tell.

Bahram retires from racing now to fill out into an autocratic family man. All lovers of a race-horse will watch with interest his career of the stud. It should be eminently successful; for not only has he the requisite breeding, being by that great sire Blandford out of a mare by Friar Marcus with St. Simon blood through William the Third on her dam's side, but he will get the best of mares, both of his owner's and of other people's. It is in his favour also, that the Aga Khan has made an intensive study of stud problems, so that Bahram is sure to be provided with just the right blood.

Still, all triple crown winners have not been great successes at the stud. The ugly Common, who won this coveted distinction in 1891 was a notable example. Nor did Lord Lyon, who won in 1866, have that success that might have been expected of a winner of all three classics; although, in his old age, he got the great Minting.

Lord Lyon, however, may have earned his crown cheaply. That first-class jockey, Custance, who rode him, was of the opinion that he was lucky to have won the Derby and that he was never really a good horse. The fact was that the opposition that year was weak. On the other hand Common was undoubtedly a good racehorse.

A GREAT HORSE

The first triple crown winner was West Australian—one of the greatest race horses of all time and probably the best horse which that trainer of innumerable classic winners John Scott, ever trained—who brought off the treble in 1853. His blood is to be found in the pedigrees of many great horses of modern times. Not till twelve years later was the feat repeated, when the great French horse Gladiateur shocked our complacency in 1865. It is strange that Lord Lyon should have emulated him in the following year.

Exactly ten years later came Ormonde, a worthy holder of the triple crown if ever there was one. He carried off the honours in a vintage year with such champions as Minting, who ran away with the Grand Prix de Paris, and that gallant little fellow, The Bard, behind him. Either of these two horses would have gained classic honours in a normal year.

If things had been different, however, there would have been without much doubt another triple crown winner, when St. Simon was a three-year-old. However, his breeder and nominator, Prince Battyani, never entered him for the

Derby, possibly, as the Duke of Portland who bought him points out, because he was prejudiced against the Epsom course and possibly because St. Simon's dam had never bred anything of note. However, this made no difference as, after the tragic collapse and death of Prince Battyani in the Jockey Club stand on Newmarket race course, all St. Simon's nominations became void.

Ormonde proved himself a great sire, though he suffered from wind infirmity which he transmitted to some of his earlier offspring. There has for years been a difference of opinion whether he or St. Simon was the best horse that ever ran on the English turf, though contemporary well-informed opinion inclined towards St. Simon.

In 1893, Isinglass won all three classics and followed up his victories by winning the Ascot Gold Cup as a four-year-old. He proved fairly successful at the stud, getting winners of some £28,000 in his best year.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Four years later came Mr. Gubbin's Galtee More, which gave Charles Wood, "the millionaire jockey," his first Derby winner after he was reinstated on the turf. He was sold to go abroad, as was the Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox, who gained the coveted title in 1899. Flying Fox unfortunately died young, after promising to serve his owner, M. Emile Blanc, exceedingly well as a sire.

The late King Edward's Diamond Jubilee was also sold to go abroad—to the Argentine. He was a very funny tempered horse. In fact, it might be said that only one jockey could ride him, and he at the time was only a stable lad. Yet he managed the ill-tempered colt with the greatest of coolness and skill, though he played up at the post before the Two Thousand Guineas. Thus began the career of Herbert Jones.

Rock Sand, the last horse to win at Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster—in 1903—was looked upon by some people at the time as being inferior to the majority of triple crown winners; but his record was a very good one and at the stud he left his mark indelibly, being sire of such horses as Tracery.

Though not officially admitted into the charmed circle, the three war triple crown winners were worthy representatives.

Gay Crusader was probably the best horse Alec Taylor ever trained at Manton; but he has not lived up to his high reputation at the stud.

On the other hand, Gainsborough, also trained at Manton, has proved one of the greatest sires of modern times, and though now getting on in years, a yearling made by him made 8,000 guineas at Doncaster the other day; while Pommern was also a good horse and successful sire.

Trial by Peers

By Horace Wyndham

A "TRIAL BY PEERS" is rare nowadays. This is because such procedure is only adopted when the charge to be dealt with is one of treason, misprision of treason, or felony. In the "good old days," however (when, perhaps, the wearers of coronets were less law-abiding), such trials were held fairly often. The last instance on record was that of Earl Russell, who, in 1901, was indicted for contracting a bigamous marriage, under the mistaken impression that a "Reno divorce" had given him his liberty.

A specially notorious example of "Trial by Peers" was that of "The Queen against the Earl of Cardigan" in 1841. A hot-tempered nobleman, and Colonel of the 11th Hussars, his lordship "called out" a brother officer, Captain Tuckett, and fought a duel with him on Wimbledon Common. No serious damage was done, for the marksmanship of the combatants was so poor that their bullets went wide, and a second shot merely "winged" the captain. Still, this "pistols-for-two-and-coffee-for-one" business being a felony punishable with transportation for life, Lord Cardigan was, much to his indignation, arrested.

A LEGAL SLIP

When he found himself in the Old Bailey dock, he "claimed privilege" and demanded that he should be judged by his brother peers in the House of Lords. There, owing to a slip in the indictment, which omitted to give Captain Tuckett's name correctly, a verdict of not guilty was delivered. Yet, although he escaped, the affair cost him a pretty penny. Since a conviction would, under the law of that period, have entailed the forfeiture to the Crown of all his property, he had, prior to the trial, made over everything he possessed to Viscount Curzon by deed of gift. After the trial he had to buy back his own property, paying a stamp duty of £10,000. Altogether, an expensive afternoon on Wimbledon Common.

When the peers were instructed by the Lord High Steward to give their decision, they, with one exception, replied, "Not guilty, upon my honour." The exception was that of the stout old Duke of Cumberland, who would only answer, "Not guilty, legally."

Macaulay was very indignant at the result of the trial; and a contemporary chronicler declares, "The acquittal was received with a howl of public displeasure." The fact is, owing to his quarrelsome and bullying nature Lord Cardigan was extremely unpopular, both among soldiers and civilians.

Contrary to the general impression, "Trial by Peers" is not a matter of choice. It is a matter of the Statutes of England. Hence, the privilege cannot be waived. Every now and again a peer has found himself in the dock at the Central Criminal Court; and, on conviction, has even gone

from there to prison. When this happens, the question is often asked why he has not been dealt with by the House of Lords. The answer is simple. It is that in such cases the indictment is for a misdemeanour.

By the law of England, handed down from Magna Carta, a peer arraigned for felony has no choice but to be tried by members of the House of Lords. His brother peers are then specially constituted a "Court of Our Lord the King in Parliament assembled," appointed by commission under the Great Seal. There is no actual judge, but the Lord High Steward (or, if Parliament should not be sitting, the Lord Steward) officiates as president, and all the peers, under an Act of 1685, are summoned to serve as a jury. The bishops also have a right to attend, but seldom exercise it.

The preliminary steps for the trial of a peer are much the same as for that of a commoner. Thus, the case is first investigated by a magistrate, and the accused is committed to a criminal court. But he does not confront a judge and jury there, as, by the instructions of the Lord Chancellor, a "writ of certiorari" is issued, bringing him within the jurisdiction of the "Palace of Westminster." On the appointed day, the accused peer is brought to the Bar of the House, where he is required to kneel and make "three reverences." All the peers, wearing their robes, sit on crimson chairs, with Garter King, carrying the Sceptre, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace, supporting the Lord High Steward on the Woolsack.

"BY MY PEERS"

"How will Your Lordship be tried?" enquires the Deputy Clerk of the Crown, when the charge has been read.

"By my peers," is the answer.

"God send Your Lordship a good deliverance," is the pious response.

After all the evidence has been given, each peer, beginning with the junior, is asked for his opinion.

"How says Your Lordship? Is the accused guilty or not guilty of the offence whereof he stands indicted?"

Thereupon each peer gives his answer, declaring it to be "upon my honour."

The verdict having been returned, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod hands a white wand to the Lord High Steward. This official then snaps the wand in two pieces and declares the commission dissolved.

If a peer should be convicted of treason or felony he is liable to precisely the same punishment as a commoner. Thus, the late Earl Russell, who was found guilty of bigamy, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Holloway Gaol. But he did not languish there long; and, before he had picked even a moderate quantity of oakum, he was granted a free pardon.



A Typical Peasant Farmer, Dupe of the
Bolsheviks

WALLACH MEIER LITVINOFF! Over and over again I have seen his prototype sidling along the meaner streets of St. Petersburg, crowding the narrow alleys of the market of the 'Gostinnyi Dvor,' haggling over the price of a carpet from Bokhara, an old enamelled drinking cup, a piece of brocade, a battered Ikon. Waving hands, unctuous smiles, suave manners, underneath which one always sensed the fixed, unwavering determination to get the better of one!

The present Commissar for Foreign Affairs in the U.S.S.R. has been known by many names since he joined the Revolutionary Democratic Socialist Committee at Kiev in 1901. To his comrades in the Committee, he was known as Maximovitch, but when, after having been arrested, and having escaped to Paris, he came back secretly to St. Petersburg and, under the orders of Lenin, busied himself introducing contraband arms into Russia, he gave himself the name of Gustav. Graf.

A little later in Paris he was known as Frinkelstein, but his stay in France was cut short somewhat abruptly, for he was discovered trying to pass some of the five hundred rouble notes confiscated from the Bank in Tiflis, and was expelled from the country. His next abode was London, and here, under the name of Harrison, he lived for several years, until, with the outbreak of the war, he was accused of being a German spy, and suddenly produced a passport, bearing the name of Maxim Litvinoff.

But though his name might change with every fresh abode, Wallach Meier Litvinoff remained the same through all those years before the revolution, buying and selling anything that came his way, guns, old iron, women's underclothes and stays, always negotiating sales of some kind, driving

LITVIN

bargains, counting his gains, hoarding his profits. And all the time he was doing revolutionary propaganda, making speeches, writing pamphlets, issuing leaflets to the workers in Woolwich Arsenal, spreading dissatisfaction, inciting young men to evade military service.

And in spite of all these subversive, underhand operations, he married an Englishwoman, the niece of Sir Sydney Low, dark, vivacious, attractive, a woman who, although since then, she has occasionally caused the comrades of the Soviet to raise critical eyebrows, has yet completely sunk her personality in her husband's, and made herself the understudy to this Jew usurer, who is perhaps the cleverest and certainly the most shrewd and crafty of all the Soviet leaders.

When in 1917, the Bolsheviks seized control of Russia, Litvinoff became the unofficial Soviet representative in London, and in November 1917, made a violent revolutionary speech in Nottingham, calling on the proletariat to follow Russia's example, urging them to attack not only the capitalists, but the middle class. On February 18th, 1918, he was involved in a serious riot outside the Caxton Hall and was turned out of his office in Victoria Street, but in spite of all that was known concerning his subversive activities, he was only arrested in September, when he spent a brief time in Brixton prison, and was then sent back to Russia, in exchange for Mr. Bruce Lockhart, who had been imprisoned in Moscow.

By MERIEL B

Certainly hardly an edifying career for the future Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and not the sort of antecedents one would expect for one of the leading members of the League of Nations!

Having been appointed Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs under Tchicherine, he contrived to make himself so obnoxious to his chief that the latter, declaring himself to be ill, fled to Germany, and left the field free for his underling, who pursued his nefarious intrigues in all directions, and was in some directions so successful, that in 1924, after having several times been refused a visa, he once more came to England, this time at the head of the Anglo-Russian Conference.

He was received by Ramsay MacDonald and Ponsonby, and was invited to Lossiemouth, and made himself very agreeable to everybody, but the Arcos Raid a few years later caused a breach in the friendly relations, and, in spite of his protestations of good faith, Litvinoff thundered his indictment of England charging her with breaking the world's peace, and accusing the British Government of espionage.

In 1931 the so-called "temporary" Agreement with England was concluded, and 1933

LITVINOFF

was the year of Litvinoff's greatest "trips and triumphs," for in the Spring he attended the World Economic Conference in London and was invited to the Royal Garden Party; in the autumn he visited America and concluded the arrangements for the renewal of diplomatic relations with President Roosevelt, and, on his way back to Russia visited Mussolini. Both in America and in the Anglo-Russian Agreement he had given his word that the U.S.S.R. would abstain from propaganda and had also denied any relationship of the Soviet Government with the Comintern, while all the time retaining his membership of that body, and encouraging subversive activities in both countries, with a total disregard of the solemn undertakings he had made.

At the same time he, who had formerly denounced the League of Nations, had artfully manoeuvred the Soviet's inclusion at Geneva, had concluded various pacts of non-aggression and issued his famous slogan "We stand for collective security."

Does anything escape those keen eyes behind the powerful glasses? Does that astute brain miss any chance that may present itself to gain an advantage in the game, that deep laid game of deceit and craft and circumvention which he has learnt to play so well? He is perhaps, not so strong, so ruthless as Stalin, but he is infinitely more *rusé*, and also more of a bully.

He has in his many years abroad acquired a

EL BUCHANAN

certain veneer, a superficial polish of refinement which deceives those who see him for the first time. He can, when he likes, be very charming. He has an unbounded energy, a remarkable vitality, a deceptive breeziness masking the underlying brusque harshness, the coarseness and insolence which flares up at a moment's notice. He despises the diplomats of the old school with whom he comes in contact; it is said that he once even in a moment of fury, boxed an Ambassador's ears. He lives simply, he is a good father, his wife apparently adores him. "He is the youngest man I know," she once told a Foreign representative. His name has not been associated with any of the atrocities and murders committed by his colleagues in the Soviet Government. He has had nothing to do with the Religious persecution. "That is not my department," he told the correspondent of the *Methodist Times*.

But let not those who meet the bland, smiling Minister of Foreign Affairs be in any ways deceived, for in a moment the kindly benign middle-aged "gentleman" will disappear and Wallach Meier Litvinoff, alias Finkelberg, alias Carl Graf, alias Harrison, will take his place.



Litvinoff—a Born Intriguer

Is he helping the cause of peace at Geneva? Does he, for all his talk of "collective security," really want peace? Is he not supporting the policy of "sanctions" against Italy, and in this way, making war a more certain factor? And let it be remembered that unlike some other European politicians, he is not doing this unwittingly, but rather from a far-seeing, shrewd, unwavering duplicity, the Macchiavelian astuteness of a born intriguer. And so with a secret smile of well-satisfied triumph he watches Europe struggling helplessly, enmeshed in the toils of the would-be pacifists warmongers, and see England playing blindly into the hands of Moscow.

"War," Comrade Pieck declared at the recent meeting of the Comintern in Moscow, "will bring about the open conflict of all the antagonists of the imperialistic systems, and lead the workers of all countries to the highest point of class struggle." That is what Comrade Litvinoff, one of the leading members of the Comintern, is waiting for.

LITVINOFF WARNS LEAGUE

Geneva

M. LITVINOFF touched only briefly on the Abyssinian dispute.

"I prefer," he said, "to dwell on general questions, because this particular conflict cannot, for me, shut out the whole international horizon, with all the other dangers looming behind it."

"If all efforts for conciliation fail and the Italo-Abyssinian conflict comes again before the Council or the Assembly, the Soviet delegation will pass its judgment with an impartiality and with courage which will not allow itself to be shaken by intimidation in the shape of abuse or attacks in the Press or by any other method."

"I have already defined in the League Council in principle the attitude of the Soviet Government towards conflicts of this kind."

"The Soviet Government is opposed, as a matter of principle, to the system of Colonies, to the policy of spheres of influence and to anything which appertains to Imperialistic aims."

Evening Standard.

TO
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.,
WHO STROVE SO NOBLY AND COURAGEOUSLY TO
PREVENT THE SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE,
THIS PLAY,
CENTRED ROUND THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS
RULED IN INDIA,
IS MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

PERIOD: Between 1775 and 1795.

*The Action of the Play takes place in Calcutta
and London.*

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

A clash between Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, and his bitterest enemy, Philip Francis, a member of Council, is imminent. The first ball of the cold season is taking place. Hastings and his beloved wife, Marion, have just arrived, and are chatting with two writers of the East India company, to whom Mrs. Hastings has extended an invitation to dine.

ACT I.—Continued.

The Assembly Rooms, Calcutta.

DIBDIN (*bowing*): I thank you, madam. Both your injunctions shall be obeyed.

HASTINGS (*to Sumner*): I shall be glad to see you one day next week, Mr. Sumner. Meanwhile, *carpe diem*! There is much work for all of us, and your nose will soon be put to the grindstone. Come, my Marian.

The curtains at entrance are drawn aside. Captain Sands advances into the ballroom and announces "THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND MRS. HASTINGS!" The music and dancing cease, and the company can be seen arranging itself to receive them. Profound bows and courtesies take place, and the curtains are let down again. Dibdin and Sumners are once more left alone. Dibdin flings himself down on the sofa, L. Sumner remains standing near him, glimpsing the scene through the partially opened curtains.

SUMNER: Come, Frank, shall we not go in?

DIBDIN: Forgive me, Charles, remaining here for a moment. I have the megrim and would fain avoid a rout of people. Besides, there will be no dancing for us.

SUMNER (*sympathetically*): I'm sorry, Frank. Let us go home.

DIBDIN: By no means. I shall be myself presently. But tell me, Charles, what think you of Mr. Hastings?

SUMNER: A pleasant spoken little gentleman, of an even temper for a wager. But who is the bejewelled nabob who is to marry the pretty Miss Sanderson?

DIBDIN: That is Mr. Barwell. He is the richest man in Bengal, and now he is carrying off the most beautiful woman in it. But, vulgar as he looks, he supports Mr. Hastings loyally in Council. Gad, Charles, if he didn't, our lives would not be worth a month's purchase.

SUMNER (*startled*): How can that be?

DIBDIN: Simply that Francis would nominate himself Governor to-morrow, and the Mahrattas would swallow us up next day or the day after.

WARREN

A Play consisting of
Prologue and IV Acts

By
Hamish Blair
& Helen White

(Note.—With hardly any exceptions the characters and incidents are true to history. There has been some re-arrangement in the chronological order of the events.)

SUMNER: This Mr. Francis, then, is Mr. Hastings' enemy?

DIBDIN: He is the Arch-enemy, Charles. He is the world's best hater. He hates most people. He hates Hastings more than he hates anyone, and of course he has a special grudge because of the Governor's action over the Grand affair.

SUMNER: The Grand affair—what was that?

DIBDIN: A disgraceful escapade, within a month of which Francis was haled before the Supreme Court on a charge of robbing Grand of his wife. The damage was laid at fifteen lakhs of rupees.

SUMNER: How much may that be?

DIBDIN: A hundred and fifty thousand pounds, my boy. Let it be a warning to you not to run after other men's wives.

SUMNER: And this man Francis is still an honourable member of Council?

DIBDIN: Lud, yes, and has more power than the Governor himself.

SUMNER: But why, Frank, do the Directors suffer him to remain?

DIBDIN: For two reasons. First, they dislike Hastings. Second, they fear Francis.

SUMNER: Why the devil should they fear a man like that?

DIBDIN: Ah! You don't know, do you, why he was sent out here?

SUMNER: No.

DIBDIN: 'Twas that Lord North desired to be rid of him from England. That is why many appointments to India are made. And do you know why Lord North was so eager to see the back of him? You have read the Letters of Junius, have you not?

SUMNER: Gad, yes, and how they drove the Duke of Grafton from office. There never was such scarifying of a public man. The pen of Junius must have been dipped in vitriol and hellfire.

DIBDIN: We have the tongue as well as the pen of Junius in our midst.

SUMNER: Good God! Is it possible that Francis is Junius?

DIBDIN: They are one and the same. Now you can see why the Government in England is

Hastings HASTINGS

scared to have him back. And perhaps you can feel for Mr. Hastings, who has Junius at his elbow every day, opposing him, insulting him, thwarting him, maligning him and doing his damndest to ruin him. He is even now, with Clavering and Monson, plotting to convict Mr. Hastings of embezzlement and blackmail.

SUMNER: No!

DIBDIN: 'Tis as I say. Could malignity go further?

SUMNER: It must surely recoil upon themselves.

DIBDIN: Yes, 'twill recoil upon themselves; and I would not be in Francis' shoes, nor Clavering's either, when Warren Hastings turns. He bides his time with the grimmest patience, but when he strikes he strikes to kill.

SUMNER (*quizzing him*): Sure, Frank, the megrim has gone, hasn't it?

DIBDIN (*springing up*): Why, so it has, Charles! Let us go in at once.

The words are scarcely out of his mouth when the curtains are drawn aside by Chobdars, and two figures are seen approaching from the ballroom.

DIBDIN: Gad's my life, Charles! We have talked of the devil and now we have raised him.

SUMNER: What do you mean?

DIBDIN: I mean that we have spoken of Francis, and here he comes in the train, of all women, of Mrs. Hastings herself.

Enter from the ballroom Mrs. Hastings and Philip Francis. Francis is dressed in a plum-coloured coat, with much gold lace, flowered waistcoat and white satin knee breeches. He wears his own hair powdered in a queue, with a sword by his side. He is laughing heartily as he emerges from the ballroom with his fair companion.

FRANCIS: Ha, ha, ha! Gad, madam, 'tis hard to know which to admire most—your wit or your beauty.

MRS. HASTINGS: I perceive, sir, that you place these two qualities in their proper order.

FRANCIS: Oh, madam, wit and beauty, beauty and wit—what is one without the other? They shine equally upon the world, like your eyes!

Dibdin and Sumner bow respectfully as they pass to the ballroom. Mrs. Hastings inclines her head and smiles, but Francis puts up his glass and stares at them haughtily through it. The two young men disappear into the ballroom. Mrs. Hastings seats herself on the sofa R and motions Francis to sit beside her. He does not obey, but remains standing. During the ensuing conversation he sometimes stands over her and sometimes strides up and down.

MRS. HASTINGS: Mr. Francis, I will not waste your time or mine, but will come straight to the point. You know, I am sure, why I have desired to speak with you?

FRANCIS (*bowing*): I am so overwhelmed, madam, by the honour you do me that I have no wit left for guessing.

MRS. HASTINGS (*earnestly*): I wish to speak to you of a matter which most intimately affects your reputation and your happiness—

Persons in the Play

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| WARREN HASTINGS | First Governor-General of India |
| PHILIP FRANCIS | Member of Council |
| MAJ.-GENERAL SIR JOHN CLAVERING | " " |
| COL. THE HON. GEORGE MONSON | " " |
| RICHARD BARWELL | " " |
| JOHN MACPHERSON | Hastings' Successor |
| MAHARAJAH NUNDEKUMAR | |
| GEORGE FRANCIS GRAND | |
| SIR ELIJAH IMPEY | Chief Justice of Supreme Court |
| SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS... | Judge of Supreme Court |
| SIR JOHN DAY | Advocate-General |
| ALEXANDER MACRABIE ... | Francis' Brother-in-law |
| FRANCIS DIBDIN | Writer, E.I. Company |
| CHARLES SUMNER | " " |
| EDGAR WILKINS | " " |
| CAPT. GERVASE BELLAMY | Sir John Clavering's Staff |
| LIEUT. ARTHUR FINCH ... | Royal Navy |
| MAJOR PALMER | Private Secy. to Hastings |
| CAPT. SANDS | Aide-de-Camp " |
| MR. DALLAS | Hastings' Counsel " |
| MR. LAW | " " |
| MR. PLOMER | " " |
| THE LORD CHANCELLOR | LADY DAY |
| (Lord Loughborough) | LADY CHAMBERS |
| COL. HENRY WATSON | MADAM D'ARBLAY |
| COLONEL PEARSE | MRS. CHOLMONDELEY |
| DR. CAMPBELL | MRS. BOSCAWEN |
| EDMUND BURKE | LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE |
| H.R.H. GEORGE PRINCE | MRS. TIMMINS |
| OF WALES | THE AYAH |
| DUKE OF NORFOLK | LADY IMPEY |
| MRS. GRAND | LADY CLAVERING |
| MRS. HASTINGS | LADY ANNE MONSON |
| MISS BETTY SANDERSON | RICHARD BRINSLEY |
| MRS. FAY | SHERIDAN |
| MISS GOLDBORNE | MR. WINDHAM |
| Serjeant-at-Arms, Garter | King-at-Arms, Peers' |
| Heralds, Ushers, Writers, | Chobdars, Sepoys, |
| (Hookahbards, Chuprassies, etc. | |
| (Most parts to be duplicated.) | |

FRANCIS (*starts and then interrupts her haughtily*): I must decline, madam, to discuss my private affairs—

MRS. HASTINGS (*hurriedly*): Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Francis, I would not be so impertinent for the world. The matter I have in mind affects not only your happiness, but the happiness, the prosperity and possibly the life of every dweller in this settlement.

FRANCIS (*more calmly*): Madam, you intrigue me. Pray go on.

MRS. HASTINGS: Will Mr. Francis grant me that India is in a very unsettled state?

FRANCIS (*with meaning*): I will, most certainly.

MRS. HASTINGS: And that we English—don't sneer. I am English through my marriage to the best and greatest of men—

FRANCIS (*interrupting*): Spare me, madam!

MRS. HASTINGS:—that we English must show a united front to the anarchy which is seething around us?

FRANCIS: Your drift, madam, is plain enough.

MRS. HASTINGS (*eagerly*): I knew you would quickly perceive it. This, then, it is. The small handful of English people collected here in

Calcutta, or scattered up and down the country between here and Benares, are in the utmost danger unless greater unity can be brought to prevail at the seat of government.

Francis shrugs his shoulders and walks up and down.

MRS. HASTINGS (*imploringly*): Mr. Francis, I plead with you to do your best to bring this about by reaching an accommodation with my husband.

FRANCIS: But why plead with me? Why not with your husband?

MRS. HASTINGS: I have done so, Mr. Francis. Believe me, he is entirely willing to forget past enmities and to be friends.

FRANCIS (*vehemently*): Friends, madam! Never! Our wills crossed swords on the day of our first meeting, as though we knew before then the injury we were destined to inflict upon each other—

MRS. HASTINGS (*interrupting him*): And upon the State, sir.

FRANCIS (*more vehemently*): I know he hath sent you to be his intermediary. A charming ambassadress, madam, but a hopeless embassy. He has done me all the injury that was in his power. And now he knows that I have him at my mercy.

MRS. HASTINGS (*warmly*): He knows nothing of this, sir. I have spoke to you entirely of my own accord.

FRANCIS: So you, madam, are aware of the danger in which your husband stands?

MRS. HASTINGS (*startled*): Danger! What danger?

FRANCIS: Ah! You are still in ignorance. Better remain thus. You will be enlightened soon enough. But why then, should Mrs. Hastings have been moved to address her husband's adversary?

MRS. HASTINGS: Because, Mr. Francis, I cannot believe you to be so bad as—

FRANCIS (*sardonically*): As Mr. Hastings has often represented me?

MRS. HASTINGS: I have heard, Mr. Francis, that you have a wife and children in England. I have heard that you have been a good husband and father to them—

FRANCIS (*agitatedly*): Oh, for God's sake, madam, don't remind me of them!

MRS. HASTINGS: You have a heart, Mr. Francis. Be guided by it.

FRANCIS (*sullenly*): Why so I am, madam. My heart bleeds for the misery of which Mr. Hastings has been the cause; for the thousands of widows and orphans which his cruel wars have made, for the homes he has beggared and ruined in order to enrich himself. I and my two colleagues were sent out to arrest this career of high handed wrong—and by God, madam, we are going to do it.

MRS. HASTINGS (*indignantly*): How dare Mr. Francis utter such falsehoods? My husband is the most humane and honourable of men. He is poor when he might have made himself rich by those very means you accuse him of—

FRANCIS (*with a sneer*): Poor, is he? That's

strange. 'Tis rumoured that Mrs. Hastings is not!

MRS. HASTINGS (*haughtily*): What has Mr. Francis to say about me?

FRANCIS: You must blame the world for it, madam—not me. The rumour is that you are richer by several lakhs of rupees than when you come to Bengal.

MRS. HASTINGS: Rumour says the same of Mr. Francis since he first at down at Mr. Barwell's card table.

FRANCIS (*coolly*): Rumour speaks the truth in my case. Doth she in Mrs. Hastings'?

Mrs. Hastings springs to her feet, facing him. At that moment the curtains part, and Warren Hastings, Sir Elijah Impey, Macrabie and several other gentlemen come out of the ballroom. Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is tall and stout. He is dressed in black, with laced cravat, knee breeches, silver buckled shoes and full bottomed wig. Macrabie and the others are in gala dress. Mrs. Hastings has her back to the curtain and is not aware of the newcomers. Francis sees them, and his countenance changes.

MRS. HASTINGS (*energetically*): Enough, Mr. Francis! I was in hopes to find you a gentleman. I find you the very opposite. I wish to warn you—for, trust me, you run greater risks than—

HASTINGS: My Marian!

MRS. HASTINGS (*turns, runs to him and clings to him hysterically*): Oh, Hastings you were right! There is nothing gained by an appeal to this man's fine feelings—

HASTINGS: My dear, my dear! (*patting her on the arm*) I have come to fetch you in to the cotillion. I claim your hand for the dance.

He throws one glance at Francis, who winces. Francis is otherwise completely ignored. Hastings and Mrs. Hastings turn and pass into the ballroom, Hastings handing her in.

SIR ELIJAH IMPEY: Gad, I must go look for Lady Impey. Someone swore her ladyship was here.

Exeunt Impey and others -L, leaving Francis and Macrabie alone.

FRANCIS (*laughing constrainedly*): Confound you, Sandy! You and the Great Mogul came in just in time to prevent me from being warned of a greater danger than is run by Hastings himself.

MACRABIE: Shall I tell you what that is, Philip?

FRANCIS: Do, my dear fellow. I'll be eternally obliged to you.

MACRABIE: Had you marked Hastings' face as he listened to his wife denouncing you, you would have been in no doubt about it. That man will kill you, Philip. You have affronted his wife, and touched him on the raw at last.

FRANCIS: Thank God for that! And in tomorrow's Council I promise to do more than merely touch him on the raw. I will pierce him to the marrow. Come and let us watch him as he treads his uneasy cotillion.

The whole length of the curtains are pulled aside, revealing the entire ballroom filled with gaily dressed people. The cotillion has already begun. Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, Sir Elijah and Lady Impey, Barwell and Miss Sanderson, the six pea-green masqueraders, and various notables prominent in the dance. After a few measures the curtain falls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

THERE was an Elizabethan quality in the character of the young arctic explorer "Gino" Watkins, and yet much that was very modern.

He was only twenty-five when he died, but he had already led three successful expeditions and had attained a fame that brought him to the level of men like Nansen, Scott and Shackleton.

The mystery attaching to his death while hunting for seals in an Eskimo *kayak* has never been wholly cleared up, but his biographer, his brother-in-law and explorer comrade Mr. J. M. Scott ("Gino Watkins," with seven maps and twenty-nine illustrations, Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.) suggests, as a possible explanation of the finding of his trousers and *kayak* belt soaking wet on an ice floe, that he had been upset in the water, had swum to the floe and then having doffed his belt and trousers had swum out to try to right his boat. His body was never found.

Leader Who Gave No Orders

It is the merit of Mr. Scott's book that he tells his story simply and straightforwardly without the slightest sign of exaggeration. Here are a few extracts:—

"It did not matter that he considered this business of exploring the most uncomfortable corners of the earth as rather a joke. . . . He got results. He had the courage of his convictions and one of them was: 'If a man wants anything badly enough, he can get it, absolutely anything.'"

"He gave no orders, for none was needed. By his own admission he was always experimenting, looking for the best way like oneself; but one learnt by experience that he always found it first."

"Sometimes the Arctic world seemed too powerful even for the strongest man. But in the middle of it all was Gino Watkins, slight and more fragile than any of the rest, his face carefully shaved and his fair hair neatly brushed, quietly planning some still more daring journey."

"He was superbly indifferent whether he was called a brave man or a coward, but if his object seemed to justify risks he refused to be hampered by principles of safety."

German Version of Kitchener's Death

Ernst Carl, alias Marcel Jaggi, in "One Against England" (with twenty-two illustrations, Jarrold's, 12s. 6d.) claims to have been responsible for Lord Kitchener's death through the sinking of the *Hampshire*.

According to him he and his Sinn Fein confederates succeeded in getting bombs smuggled into the *Hampshire* and it was their explosion that caused the cruiser to sink. He states that he actually witnessed the sinking of the ship.

Hospital War Work

On the outbreak of the Great War Monica Grenfell (now Lady Salmond) decided to become a nurse. She was only twenty-one (her birthday was the fateful August 4) and not particularly strong, but she had the Desborough family pluck

and resolution and so she cheerfully endured the hard training she was called upon to undergo and became a fully fledged nurse first at the London Hospital and then at the front in France.

Before the war ended she had also secured her certificate as a qualified masseuse.

In "Bright Armour" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) Lady Salmond writes with humour and pathos of her wartime experiences of hospital and social life.

In Search of Wine

[REVIEWED BY ANDRE L. SIMON]

THE wedge and beetle method of hammering knowledge into the schoolboy's hard or woolly head is out of fashion. Let us be duly grateful for it. The safeguarding, even more than the training of the child's personality appears to be the chief concern of modern educators, and it may be all to the good.

When I was a small child, and long after, knowledge was the thing and we never heard of personality. Yet, there is no doubt but that both are desirable in themselves, desirable and attainable.

If proof of this truism were required, I cannot think of any better one at the moment than Charles Walter Berry's latest book, "In Search of Wine: A Tour of the Vineyards" (Constable, 5s. net).

It is packed with knowledge and steeped in the lovable personality of the author. It is a mine of useful facts, figures and data which it would be difficult to find anywhere else, but it is not one of those underground mines where there is hardly any air to breathe and constant dripping water to make you feel depressed or—worse still—slip and curse. It is one of those "pan" mines all on the surface, where you have only to bend to pick up precious stones sparkling in the brilliant sunshine.

Charm of Adaptability

One of the charms of wine, as different from higher mathematics, is its adaptability to our human moods. You may know a certain wine, as you think, very well, but you never can be sure that every bottle will be exactly the same as the one before; it depends not only upon the wine in the bottle, which has an individuality of its own, but also upon your own frame of mind at the time and the degree of receptiveness you are capable of at the moment.

That is the reason why you cannot go to a better master, if you want to learn about wine, than to a man who understands both wine and men, who hates humbugs and fakes, and whose vast knowledge of his subject is in no way over-powering because of his keen sense of humour.

Many indeed must be those who would love to be able to motor leisurely through the vineyards of France, sure of a welcome wherever they would stop, and with such a guide as Mr. Berry to instruct and entertain them.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tributes to Lady Houston

DEAR MADAM,—I was delighted with the leaflet "The Serpent in Eden," and I hope it has been sent to Mr. Bruce, Australia House, and Sir James Parr, New Zealand Government Offices, and to the various Premiers in Australia and New Zealand and all the M.P.'s in England. The more read the better.

It is splendid to find someone who is not afraid to speak and write the truth. It cannot be said too often. Have you read "Camels Through Libya," by D. Campbell (Seeley Service & Co., 18/-), and the praise for Italy in it? If left alone Italy might have helped Abyssinia to become a better governed and happier place.

Our politics seem to be dictated by the T.U.C., the subversive Jews, and the Soviet; all "right" minded people are not listened to. We have lost our sense of direction and honour.

I should like 3 or 4 more of these leaflets, "The Serpent in Eden," to give to friends; some of them persist in still believing in the League of Nations. Have you read Mrs. Nesta Webster's book "The Surrender of an Empire"—chapter on the League of Nations—Pan-Germanic League? May you long continue to have the strength to be patriotic and unafraid to say so.

(Miss) F. M. STUDHOLME.

Broadview,
Hindhead, Surrey.

[Mrs. Nesta Webster's "Surrender of an Empire" was published in the *Saturday Review* in serial form in 1934.—Ed.]

MADAM,—May I respectfully congratulate you on your pamphlet, "The Serpent in Eden." It is most refreshing to find someone who not only takes the trouble to ascertain the truth but who publishes it in so fearless a manner.

I understand that your article on the same subject was banned. This is a shameful example of the suppression of free speech and shows clearly to my mind that the Government is losing confidence in itself and is realising that it no longer commands the respect of the people.

Governments which are conscious that they interpret the will of the electors are not afraid of criticism and have no need to suppress it.

MURIEL BERINGER.

Hastings.

MY LADY,—I feel that it is only by the efforts of real patriots like yourself that our Ministers will be restrained

from sacrificing British interests for the sake of their international ideals.

I was delighted with your pamphlet, "The Serpent in Eden," which reflects my sentiments exactly. Unfortunately he is not the only one of our Ministers who harbours this unpleasant and dangerous reptile. A. L. MANNING,
Chatham.

BRAVO! MY LADY!—Your pamphlet "The Serpent in Eden" was magnificent. I wish one could be sent to every voter in England. This straight from the shoulder stuff is what is needed to shake people out of their apathy and make them turn out our so-called "National" Government, replacing our Liberal and Socialist Ministers with true Conservatives.

V. G. BANNISTER.

Hove.

SIR,—Might I have a dozen copies of Lady Houston's excellent pamphlet "The Serpent in Eden"? All my friends to whom I have shown mine are delighted with it and want one which they can keep for themselves and show to others.

L. A. NAISMITH.

Maidstone.

The Definition of Treason

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your question in the *Saturday Review*, also in the *Morning Post* of the 6th inst., as to the Law of High Treason, I enclose a copy of the wording of part of the Act, under which Sir Roger Casement was punished. I consider that Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, by cutting down our Army and Navy and Air Force, have all "comforted" our enemies, and in being friendly with Russia, the King's enemy, are guilty as much as Casement.

(Miss) L. C. EDMONSTONE.

P.S.—It is the word "comfort" that convicts them.

c/o Mrs. Ellington,
Sturdy Cottage,
Thornborough, Bucks.

WORDING OF ACT OF HIGH TREASON

Act of 1351, Part 3.

"To levy war against the King in his realms, or be adherent to the King's enemies in his realm, giving them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere."

In the case of *Rex v. Casement* (1916), it was held that a British subject who does anything to strengthen the enemies of the King, or which weakens or tends to weaken the power of the King and of the country to resist or attack the enemies of the King and of the country, commits the offence of giving aid or comfort to the King's enemies and is guilty of High Treason.

Procedure is regulated by Acts of 1695, 1708, 1825, 1842, 1916. Also, Treason is defined as the crime of attacking the safety of a sovereign state or its head.

Giving Away the Empire

SIR,—I read with consternation in the Press this morning that the iniquitous proposal to give away British Territory to Abyssinia is being revived.

I should have thought that, after the recent outcry, the Government would have avoided such an unpopular proposal, but it seems that our Ministers are so blindly arrogant that they ignore the most obvious signs of public resentment.

What makes such a proposal even more surprising is that it is quite unnecessary. There is already a railway connecting Addis Ababa with Djibouti, over which Abyssinian produce can presumably travel. Abyssinia has, therefore, an outlet to the sea already.

G. F. BARROW.

West Kensington.

THE SOCIETY OF
INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS
AND AUDITORS

A.D. 1885

EXAMINATIONS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination: November 4th and 5th, 1935.

Intermediate Examination: November 6th and 7th, 1935.

Final Examination: November 5th, 6th and 7th, 1935.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before October 1st, 1935.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL,
A. A. GARRETT, Secretary.

Incorporated Accountants' Hall,
Victoria Embankment,
London, W.C.2.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Abyssinian Frontier Muddle

SIR,—“Abyssinia and Italy,” published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, on page 28, quotes from the Italo-Abyssinian Treaty of 1908, as to the Somaliland frontier—“All the territory belonging to the tribes towards the coast shall remain dependent on Italy; all the territory of Ogaden and all that of the tribes towards the Ogaden shall remain dependent on Abyssinia.”

This is a monument of vagueness, and we are told, “since the tribes in question were nomadic, provision was made for delimitation on the ground as soon as might be—no definite boundary was ever demarcated on the spot.”

The Royal Institution also refers us to an “unpublished line” agreed to in 1897, which “runs at a distance of 180 miles parallel to the coast of the Indian Ocean.” We have only to look at a correct map of that or any coast to see how impossible it is to establish a frontier “parallel” to it. In this case it was even more impossible, as no survey was made.

In spite of this (p. 10), a sub-committee of the Sixth Committee of the League of Nations, in September, 1923, consisting of the representatives of the British Empire, Finland, France, Italy, Latvia, Persia and Rumania, reported to the League, among other things, that “the country possessed well defined frontiers.” This untruth the League swallowed.

There was no reason why anybody in Finland, Latvia, Persia, or Rumania should know or care anything about the matter; but it is a gigantic outrage that the peoples of the British Empire, France and Italy should have had all this appalling anxiety and trouble prepared for them by the fatuous (or worse) carelessness and untruthfulness of their Geneva-men of 1923. The Italians are least to be blamed for this, because their country was only beginning to struggle out of its own chaos with every man's hand and tongue against it. As for our own “representatives” (we hope not, really), they said that the frontiers were well defined in 1923, but we had to send a Commission to define them (hence Wal-Wal) in 1934!

Undefined boundaries are sometimes best, where nomad tribes manage their own law and order; but, what about a membership of a League of Nations founded on untruth? It makes it look like a league of humbug.

May I add a contribution just given me, which may be “representative” of the women of England—“Any woman who had to plan food for a house two days ahead would have more gumption than that.”

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

O. C. G. HAYTOR.

The Fordonian Boys' Club

SIR,—At Victoria Docks, East London, a district where children are more numerous than adults, there exists an organisation for attracting the children in off the streets and teaching them, in a happy way, cleanliness, order, and respect.

It is very small, and not more than a hundred boys belong to it, but it is very worthy. It is called “Happiness Hall,” and its address is Fordonian Boys' Clubs Association, Custom House, Victoria Docks, E.16.

The boys are happy there: the education and training given are of the right kind. Children from 8 to 14, emanating from poor homes, are drilled, kept clean, taught games, read to, brought into contact with the right type of adult, and generally helped to grow up usefully. The Club has survived for nine years, and the work has been carried on by good-natured, honorary workers possessing wide knowledge of boys and their ways.

But this little organisation, so useful in its services to the poor, is in danger of dying out through lack of funds. There is not a penny now in its exchequer. It needs men to help carry on the work, and it needs money. The boys, too, would like a piano, or the occasional services

of an amateur theatrical party, or nigger troupe, to keep things bright.

Will any of your kindly disposed readers please help?

J. A. FOXWORTHY,
7, Fairholme Road, (A worker for the Club.)
West Kensington, London, W.14.

Empire Air-Services

(From Sir Harry Brittain)

SIR,—Those who, like myself, are interested in the development of British aviation, will welcome the robust defence by Sir Macpherson Robertson, in his recent communications to the press, of efforts made in the past few years to place British aviation in the position it holds to-day.

His special praise for the sound policy of safety and comfort for passengers and the regularity of our air-mail services, coming from one who is able to survey the problem from the opposite side of the world, is especially gratifying.

Sir Macpherson Robertson has done a great service in underlining the special problems which have faced us in the pioneer work of creating a great Empire service.

Especially it is to be hoped that business people interested in overseas affairs will take his hint of the value of the greater use of the air-mails and particularly in organising their correspondence so as to use the mid-week planes as well as those at the end of the week.

While this may sound a somewhat trivial point, it is of great importance in the matter of building up and maintaining regular and cheap services.

HARRY BRITTAİN.

2, Cowley Street,
Westminster Abbey, S.W.1.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED



This Bank is able to obtain information respecting trade and industrial conditions in all parts of the world. Added to the experience accumulated during generations of Banking, this places it in a favourable position for transacting every form of British, Colonial or Foreign Banking business.

Total Assets Exceed £443,000,000

Head Office:

71 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

MOTORING**A Policy of Defeat**

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

WE have always been taught to regard the meeting of the British Association as an assembly of prodigious intellects. Whether this is so or not, the Association has, so far, always been taken seriously. One is, therefore, entitled to treat seriously the utterances of its speakers.

The statement of an Assistant Commissioner of Police that, from the point of view of accidents, the fewer motor cars that are on the road the better will the situation be, has, therefore, been received with considerable perturbation both by owners and by the trade. Nevertheless, we must express some sense of disappointment that a member of so august a body could make no more constructive contribution to the proceedings.

What Should Have Been Said

This Assistant Commissioner certainly qualified his words with some mumbo jumbo about "consistent with commercial considerations"; but even so, if his outlook represents that of the police in general, it is high time that different ideas were instilled into the heads of this force.

What the Assistant Commissioner should have said was that the number of motor cars on the road was increasing every day, that this was desirable in every way as representing an increase in trade and the putting of more men into employment; but, that unless an adequate amount was spent on

improving the roads, the number of accidents would tend to increase rather than to fall.

This, instead of being a retrogressive policy of hopeless negation, would have been constructive and would, moreover, have been what the populace as a whole are thinking. It must be remembered that the motor car is no longer the exclusive vehicle of the rich. Since the advent of the charabanc, now politely termed motor coach, the poor are availing themselves of this form of transport in increasing numbers and they see no more reason than the rich why they should be exposed to unnecessary risks.

A Broken Pledge

Since 1923 motor taxation, both direct and indirect, has jumped from some £13 millions to nearly £70 millions and from £11 per vehicle to £30 per vehicle. A very large proportion of this money comes from the horse power tax about which a pledge was given at the time of its imposition that it would be earmarked entirely for improving the roads. This pledge has been shamefully broken.

Meanwhile, it is doubly unfortunate that, at a time when the motor show is just coming on, a high official of the police should have made a statement which has been interpreted in many quarters that some restriction of the number of motor vehicles is contemplated. Such a statement cannot fail to be bad for trade, and bad for a trade which the Government has been at some pains to foster and which has itself made tremendous efforts to achieve its present position.



BOOTH'S

THE ONLY *Matured* DRY GIN

1740-1935
THROUGH THREE CENTURIES
HAS REIGNED SUPREME

DISTILLED BY BOOTH'S - MATURED BY TIME

BY APPOINTMENT

FINEST OLD DRY GIN LONDON

The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din. 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £27/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Cak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 24/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

BUTTERMERE, via Cockermouth. — Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLENDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View, Bed., 9. Annexe 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veant. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 6 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLEN. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.; Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £3 16/6. W.E., 35/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 6/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/3; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.; "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel. Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 3/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 3. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, Golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA WATER, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 8/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering. comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf. Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/- Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall. —The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNISLAND, Fifeshire. —Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec. 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, Essex. —Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yatching, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall. —Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road Bed., 68; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon. 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOSLTHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 miles. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

HOLMBROOK, Cumberland. —Carleton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. Golf. Seascale 18-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery. Tennis.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

THE OSBORNE PRIVATE Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, Bowls.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift, Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDTHEL ROAD. Tel. 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec. 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardashealch Hotel, Acharracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet L hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 6 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests: Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7 Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

REDLANDS Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-. Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington, Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 33, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25. Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T., Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea, golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, 3, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Aahley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

TORQUAY.—Yardley Manor Private Hotel. Pleasantly situated. Central. Garden. South aspect. Ideal Winter Residence. 2½ Gns.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

STAMPS

BREAKING large collection. One quarter cat. prices. Selection on approval. References, Fields, 14, Curator St., E.C.4.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

The New Canadian Fairbridge

By G. Delap Stevenson

NEWCASTLE has just sent out to Canada some enterprising young pioneers. They are children who, entirely of their own accord, asked to be taken to the new Fairbridge Farm School which is opening in British Columbia.

Officials of the Fairbridge Farm Schools had gone to the Tyneside district to gather recruits for Canada from this distressed area. As a general rule, Fairbridge children should either be orphans or have parents who are incapable of giving them a proper chance, and their selection is arranged with the local authorities.

It is a new departure for the children to take the matter into their own hands and apply for places.

in June, 1934, and it is to bear his name. The response to the Prince's appeal was so good that within a few months a third of the £100,000 was collected, which was enough to start the Canadian school. Lady Houston contributed £2,000, a sum which will pay for two of the three cottages already built.

Other new schools are planned for New Zealand and Australia and the negotiations about the New Zealand one have already begun.

The Canadian School is in the Cowichan Valley in the South of Vancouver Island. It is a property of 1,000 acres, part of which is undeveloped, though the farm on it is already a going concern and its present manager will stay on.

The Principal is Major Trew, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, while there is a local committee of prominent Canadians.

In every way, including the

Australian and British Governments.

The school is divided into cottages with fourteen children in each. Here they have breakfast and supper, but dinner is eaten in a central dining hall. There is a church which, rather appropriately, was paid for by the late Mr. Thomas Wall of Wall's Ice Cream.

After they have finished with the state school, the children are trained intensively in farming or domestic work. At sixteen they go out to jobs, the school still keeping a watchful eye over them and banking half their wages, which are returned at twenty-one. There is also a new scheme for setting up suitable boys as independent small-holders.

In every way the Fairbridge idea has been a great success. It is the only form of migration which has withstood the depression, and there are far more employers asking for Fairbridge boys and girls than the school can supply.

The children start their new life young enough to be thoroughly acclimatised, before they are ready for employment, both to farming and to the Dominion to which they are to belong.

Australian Naval Activity

From an Australian Correspondent

RECENT months have seen unusual activity in the Royal Australian Navy. The new cruiser *Sydney*—to take the place of the ship of the same name which, in 1914, by destroying the raiding *Emden*, recorded an exclusively Australian success for the first time in naval warfare—is shortly to undergo her acceptance trials from Wallsend-on-Tyne.

When she sails next year for Australia under the command of Captain J. U. P. FitzGerald, her crew will be composed largely of officers and ratings of the cruiser *Brisbane*, which arrived at Portsmouth in July in readiness for breaking up.

Since bringing the Duke of Gloucester home from his tour of Australia and New Zealand, the cruiser *Australia* has been in English waters and is now attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, the Australian squadron receiving, in exchange, H.M.S. *Sussex*.

The "*Australia*" has been equipped at Portsmouth with a catapult for an amphibian aircraft. She is the first ship of the Australian Navy to be so equipped.

Naval circles are awaiting with interest the arrival of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Hyde, first Naval Member of the Australian Naval Board. He left Melbourne last month at short notice, no explanation of his



Cowichan Valley farm

Those who did so at Newcastle were, of course, sent back to talk to their parents, but if the latter approved, and if it seemed otherwise justifiable, they were enrolled for the new school.

The children sailed last week. There are forty of them in this first party, though the school will ultimately have capacity for about 350. They are between the ages of six and thirteen and about two-thirds of them are boys.

It is only a few of them, of course, who are with the party on their own initiative, but they are all sound in body and alert in mind. Indeed, before leaving they were put through some quite stiff tests by the Canadian immigration authorities.

The school which they are to found is the first fruit of the appeal for £100,000 made by the Prince of Wales

Canadian state school for general education, the Vancouver Fairbridge will be modelled on the Australian original.

Kingsley Fairbridge, the founder, was a Rhodes scholar, the son of a Rhodesian pioneer, and his idea was to bring the "waste" children in overcrowded and poor English districts to cultivate the "waste" lands in the Dominions.

In his own words, "I saw waste turned to providence, the waste of unneeded humanity converted to the husbandry of unpeopled races."

He began his first small school near Perth a couple of years before the war, and maintained it with difficulty through the war years. After the war it began to go ahead, and before he died in 1924, he had secured assistance from the

mission being given either by the Admiralty or the Australian Minister for Defence. Sir Frederick is the first officer on the active list of the Royal Australian Navy to attain Flag rank.

The Australian policy of giving the sea-going command of the Navy to R.N. officers continues with the nomination of Rear-Admiral R. H. O. Lane-Poole to this post.

Rear-Admiral Lane-Poole is now in command of the R.N. Barracks at Devonport, but he will be no stranger to Australian waters. For three years from 1924, he commanded the Royal Australian Naval College at Jervis Bay, established when the Commonwealth decided to make naval defence largely its own liability, and from which have come officers now reaching the higher ranks of the Australian Navy.

The new commander of the Australian squadron has had an interesting career. During the War he served as torpedo officer of the cruiser *Minotaur*, and, after his promotion to commander in 1916, served in the battleship *Commonwealth*. He was also on the staff of the Admiral of Mining, at Grangemouth. Perhaps his most unusual command was that of the armed boarding steamer *Biarritz*, better known in a peaceful capacity to cross-Channel travellers.

After his return from Australia in 1927, Rear-Admiral Lane-Poole served in H.M.S. *Cambrian*, in the Atlantic Fleet, and was later in charge of the junior officers' war course at Greenwich.

More overseas experience came in 1931, when he was appointed Commodore (second class), commanding the newly constituted South American division of the American and West Indies station.

Ceylon and Sapphires

THAT home of precious stones, Ceylon, is already benefiting by the steady rise in the price of sapphires which followed the announcement that Lady Alice Scott, bride-to-be of the Duke of Gloucester, favoured this jewel for her engagement ring.

Almost half of the world's output of sapphires comes from Ceylon, which holds the record for the choicest cut stone ever produced—a sapphire of 440 carats, perfectly flawless, and a deep peacock blue in colour. Unfortunately, this wonder of the Empire went to America, at a price which has never been revealed, although it is believed to have run well into five figures.

What puzzles the new Commissioner in London, Dr. Pieris, is that one of Ceylon's most prolific stones, the cat's-eye, never achieves much popularity in the West, although in Eastern countries it is in great demand, with its beautiful honey-colour reflecting deep beams of amber light. Portuguese writers of the seventeenth century remarked on the beauty of Ceylon's cat's-eyes.

And somewhere in the world is the

largest cat's-eye ever found—a stone that formerly graced the collection of a King of Ceylon. Dr. Pieris believes that he is on the track of it. It was brought over to England in 1815, and nothing was heard of it till 1905, when it was put up for sale at Christie's. Again it disappeared, presumably to America, and since then not a word has been heard of it.

Now, experts are on the trail.

In Ceylon itself, precious stones are surrounded by ritual. There are nine primary gems in mystical arrangement, which, correctly interpreted by the Ceylon mystics, have astrological significance that, it is claimed, is never wrong.

There is some talk of arranging an exhibition of Ceylon gems in London, but in view of the risks attached in transport and exhibition, the new Commissioner does not think the time is yet ripe. But he is closely watching the publicity plans now being prepared by British jewellers to popularise Empire stones still further.

East African Capitalists

By Cleland Scott

P.O. Nanyuki, Kenya Colony.

SUNDRY writers, who have a superficial knowledge of conditions in Eastern Africa, are wont to air their views to the detriment of the white resident there.

What is not realised in England is that every African is a capitalist, owning land and stock in vast quantities.

Pro-native thinkers consider it iniquitous that black men should work for white at what sounds to those used to European standards as a very low wage.

These same people carefully refrain from mentioning the other side of the question. For one thing there is no compulsion for any native to work for the white man save a desire to amass shillings—the East African coinage—to buy certain luxuries and/or another wife.

The native himself makes his wife work far harder than any white man succeeds in making him do. Many natives are required to do a job that could be done by one white man: no sense of responsibility exists for them.

In the native reserves there are tribal laws and customs often as strict as our own. If the white settler is such a brute as he is sometimes made out to be, it is odd to say the least, that natives still clamour to come and reside on his farms.

For their work these squatters are paid and fed, given a piece of land to grow what crops they fancy, and with them reside their numerous wives, children, countless sheep and goats, and cattle also in some cases.

To-day the problem of squatter stock is becoming acute. The farmer's own stock is increasing so that he can longer afford to sacrifice hundreds of acres. There are thousands and

thousands of squatter stock on European farms, and the time is approaching when they must return to the reserves, whence they came.

Needless to say, the owners have never been charged a penny for grazing and originally they were told that the favour of grazing was purely temporary. It is necessary to point out that if one grants a native a favour he is apt in a year or so to regard it as a right. For instance, the natives are given separated milk; should anything happen to the milk supply they become quite indignant, forgetting that the owner is losing his income if the milk supply goes dry.

Those who are anti-white in their views of the treatment of the native might bear in mind certain cardinal points. The black man has nothing to keep up and, so far, his wants are few; he is never cold or hungry; he has only been "civilised" a matter of thirty odd years and, therefore, had better be grounded in the art of walking before attempting to run. He works only when the spirit moves him and rarely for long.

West Africa and the Parrot Ban

MANY years have passed since the last African parrot or Australian parakeet arrived in this country. The psittacosis scare and the ban on imported birds which followed, struck a severe blow at what was developing into a lucrative Empire business.

In 1924, the value of West African birds imported into Great Britain ran into thousands of pounds, and Australia was also building up an export trade.

Now, in this country, the value of parrots, especially African greys, is soaring—anything from £25 to £50 and more is paid for a good talking bird, owing to their scarcity value.

Enquiries at the Ministry of Health show that, at the present time, there is not the faintest likelihood of the psittacosis ban being removed. Those owning parrots should, for the time being at any rate, keep them as a gilt-edged investment likely to appreciate very considerably in value, as few parrots breed in captivity and an acute scarcity is probable.

Australian parakeets, although not nearly such good talkers as the Africans, are beautiful birds, and fetch a very high price in the market to-day. So high, indeed, that Customs officials are keeping a close watch on homeward bound ships from Australian ports, as bird smuggling is known to exist.

The disease which parrots can transmit to human beings, psittacosis, does not, curiously enough, attack coloured people, and is practically unknown in West Africa. During the scare over here, many people died, but the prompt imposition of the ban soon stamped out all traces of the disease.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Founding of the First Free British Colony in Africa

By Professor A. P. Newton

AT a time when African problems and the safety and well-being of our vast colonial empire in Africa fill such a large place in our political discussions, it is difficult to remember that that empire is but a thing of yesterday. Even within the memory of men not yet past middle age Africa was in truth "the Dark Continent," and its tropical parts, between the Barbary States in the extreme north and Cape Colony in the extreme south, had but few centres of civilised government, and those almost all upon the coast. In the 1860's we held not a square yard of territory in East Africa, and a strong Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the condition of our few West African ports, reported that they were worthless, were a source of needless expense and ought to be abandoned.

The cause of this neglect and the poor esteem in which tropical Africa and its trade were regarded may in the main be attributed to a single origin. For four centuries, ever since the Portuguese sailors of Prince Harry the Navigator first brought negroes to sell in the markets of Lisbon or Seville, tropical Africa was regarded as a source of slaves and nothing much else but small quantities of gold and ivory which it was difficult to procure. Some merchants and shipowners made good profits by carrying the slaves across the Atlantic to labour in West Indian sugar plantations, and the planters there regarded slaving as the very foundation stone of their prosperity, but it kept Africa in a state of cruel and hideous anarchy, and made all trade in the native produce of Africa such as we know it to-day precarious and unprofitable. The general story of the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade is familiar, but there are certain aspects of it that are usually forgotten, though important and permanent results flowed from them.

The earliest advocates of abolition, like Granville Sharp and Thomas Clarkson, couched their attack on grounds of religion and morality, and it was this that moved William Wilberforce, the influential friend of Pitt, the Prime Minister, to take the lead of the movement and introduce motions in the House of Commons for abolition. They pointed to the extreme cruelty with which the slaves were treated in their passage across the Atlantic, and the illustrations they prepared of the way in which human cargoes of "black ivory" were packed between the narrow decks of the slave ships roused public horror.

They derived much of their evidence from the Reverend John Newton, who had served on board the slave ships, but had later repented of the cruelties in which he shared, and became Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City of London and a much respected clergyman.

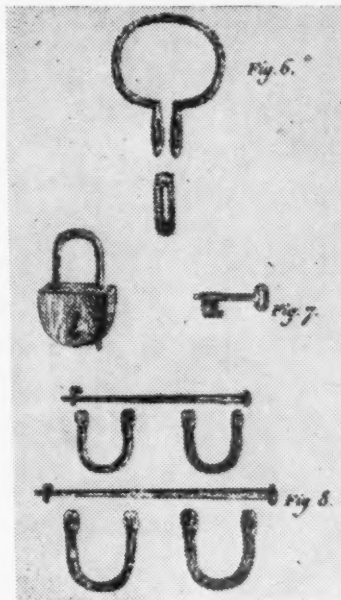
But there was another direction in which some abolitionists attempted to further their cause, and this was by emphasising the impossibility of carrying on profitable trade with Africa while slaving was permitted. They pointed out that Africa was the home of vast populations who might consume large quantities of British manufactured goods if they could live in peace without the incessant tribal wars which were encouraged by the slave raiders. In return for these manufactures they would export raw materials of their own raising and thus they would furnish British markets with commodities for profitable re-sale to Europe.



William Wilberforce, M.P., one of the leaders of great evangelical and humanitarian movements of late eighteenth century, leader of anti-slave trade movement, and of movement for missions to natives.

Between 1763 and 1793 there was great interest among British merchants in a particular product which was only obtainable from West Africa, namely, gum. This was in great demand for silk and calico printing, and so important did the British Government consider the gum trade that they secured from France at the Peace of Paris (1763), after our victories in the Seven Years' War, the cession of the territory where the gum was produced, and founded there the colony of Senegambia. France, however, demanded and secured its return by the Treaty of Versailles (1783), and this was regarded as a grievous disappointment by the merchants interested in African trade.

The principal advocate of this mercantile argument for the abolition of the slave trade was a young Scotsman of great energy and ability named Zachary Macaulay, who was in later years father of the celebrated historian, Lord Macaulay. He had in early life seen something of the horrors of the slave trade in the West Indies, and on his return to England



Irons and locks used aboard slave ships to secure slaves to the decks.

he joined the ranks of the abolitionists. He devoted himself to the promotion of a Company which would found a colony of free men as near as possible to the region which had been re-ceded to France in 1783, and there he proposed to build up trade with the African interior.

He succeeded in interesting various merchants and bankers in his project, and the Sierra Leone Company, which he founded, purchased from an African chief, "King Tom," a tract of land on the best harbour in West Africa. There the settlement of Free Town was begun in 1787, and it was peopled largely by negroes who had left the United States in 1783 at the same time as the United Empire Loyalists.

Thus began the first free British colony in West Africa, and, though it went through many vicissitudes in its early years and acquired an unenviable reputation as "the white man's grave," it persisted and formed the nucleus of our free colonies in tropical Africa. Sierra Leone has never known slavery or the stigma of the slave trade, and it glories in the name of its capital, Free Town, as evidence of its history.

Empire Diary

Sept. 26—Farewell Luncheon to the Rt. Hon. Lord Tweedsmuir, C.H., Governor-General Designate of Canada, under the auspices of the Royal Empire Society, at the Hotel Victoria. 12.45 for 1 p.m. Admiral Sir William Goodenough, Deputy Chairman of the Council, in the Chair. Tickets from the Royal Empire Society, not later than September 23.

Outlook for Aircraft Shares

By Our City Editor

TROUBLES abroad have so narrowed the field available to the British investor, that it is now necessary to look further ahead than ever in order to secure any chance of capital appreciation and an income, even in the distant future, of something approaching five per cent. More and more investors also, are entering the speculative sections since an income of about 3 per cent. on gilt-edged and correspondingly low yields on all fixed interest securities appear most unattractive with income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £. Nor does it appear possible, with the expensive gaps in our defensive forces to be filled, that any serious reduction in the rate of income tax can be made for many years to come, and investors are therefore, rightly considering in what ways their money is likely to be spent by the Government.

Now that the weakness of our Air Force is at last coming to be realised, substantial orders are likely to be placed with the leading manufacturers. Whether all the companies recently formed for aeroplane manufacture will secure their share of the business remains to be seen. It is certainly in the interests of the Government to see that no efficient manufacturer should fail, but there is no guarantee that all these companies will be efficient and the intending investor in Aircraft shares must use discrimination, or get his broker to do so for him.

Available Yields

There are two or three preference issues available, and here the yields are comparatively high. Napier 7½ per cent. preference yielding about £5 9s. per cent. at 27s. 6d., and with a good chance of increased cover and capital appreciation as the company's fortunes improve. Bristol 5 per cent. preference at 22s. 9d. return £4 7s. 11d. per cent. and Hawker 5 per cent. preference nearly £4 12s. per cent. Hawker Siddeley preference at 20s. 6d. return £4 17s. 6d. per cent. A yield of over 4½ per cent. is also available on Fairey Aviation Notes. The investor should realise, however, that preference issue in a speculative industry are not particularly attractive. The cover for the fixed dividend will vary so greatly from time to time and great prosperity for the industry will not, after all, bring any increased dividend. The absence of

favourable trading conditions, on the other hand, will probably mean no dividend at all.

The ordinary shares of the Aircraft companies yield very poor returns. Only De Haviland, Fairey, Hawkers and Handley Page of the manufacturing companies are in the dividend-paying stage, and Handley Page only in respect of the 10 per cent. participating preference which received 15 per cent. last year and stand at 29s. yielding £4 2s. 9d. per cent. De Haviland at 60s. return only 2½ per cent.; Fairey, at 26s. 6d., yield £1 17s. 9d. per cent. and Hawker at 31s., yield only 3½ per cent. Of these shares, Hawkers appear the most attractive at present prices. Of those companies which have yet to pay dividends, Bristol Aeroplane are, of course, established producers, and may produce very fine results but at 69s., the ordinary shares appear already to have reached a price at which such results are discounted. Westland at 8s. 9d. appear the most likely of the smaller-priced speculative issues to turn out a profitable purchase. As a department of Petters of Yeovil Westlands have done quite well enough to prove that they have possibilities.

Allied Shares

Imperial Airways are in a rather different category since they depend for prosperity upon good trading conditions. The company is excellently managed and financed, but the shares at 46s. 9d. yield only £2 11s. 4d. per cent. and appear attractive neither as a gamble nor as an investment. Rolls-Royce at their present price yield only 2½ per cent. and Napier at 13s. 6d. appear to be fully priced in view of the leeway which the company has to make up before it reaches the dividend paying stage. If the investor is prepared to wait for his income altogether, and take his chance of capital appreciation, he will do best in the lower-priced manufacturing shares, but if he feels that an established dividend-payer is essential, that Hawker or De Haviland possibilities should be closely examined. The market is essentially one of the future, and as speculative as any industry comparatively in its infancy can be.

Industrial Preferences

For those to whom income is the all-important factor, Industrial Preference shares may still offer

INSURE WITH

The London & Lancashire

7, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON

considerable attractions, for in this market the coveted 5 per cent. yield is obtainable on a number of shares with fair security. The 6½ per cent. 2nd preference and 7 per cent. 3rd preference stocks of Debenhams Ltd. have already been mentioned in these columns and they are obtainable to yield about 5½ per cent. and over 5½ per cent. respectively. They are as attractive as any in the list. A small parcel of the International Aluminium Company's 7 per cent. participating preference has recently been offering at 26s. 6d. to return £5 6s. per cent., interest requirements being covered 1½ times in the last accounts.

John Lewis & Co. 7 per cent. cumulative preference are obtainable at 25s. 9d. to return £5 8s. per cent. and the last accounts showed that interest requirements were covered more than twice over. The 7 per cent. preference of Plummer Roddis, Ltd., one of the Debenhams group, at 23s. 6d., yields nearly 6 per cent. and may particularly appeal to residents in districts where the business operates. Selfridge & Co. 6 per cent. tax-free preference at 27s. 3d. returns £5 14s. per cent. gross, interest requirements being covered three times over. In view of the recent improvement in retail sales conditions, these stores preferences hold out good prospects of safety of income for some time to come.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

18-20, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

ORDER TO NEWSAGENT

To
Name of Newsagent
Address

Commencing with next issue, please deliver to me each week a copy of "The Saturday Review," published at 6d.

NAME OF NEW READER

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

DATE

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

3 months 6/6 6 months 13/- 12 months 26/-

Postage included

(Overseas readers 30/- per annum)

To The Publisher, "The Saturday Review,"
18/20, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

Commencing on, please send to me
weekly "The Saturday Review" for a period of

months, for which I enclose remittance for

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

DATE

THEATRE NOTES

"The House of Borgia"

Embassy Theatre

By Clifford Bax

MY conception of the Borgias being what it is and has been for years, I looked forward to seeing a play full of drama and colour. Had I ever seriously studied this subject as carefully as, I am sure, Mr. Bax has, I should, I have no doubt, have been content with the portrayal of the Borgia family that Mr. Bax is offering. According to him, this family was not half as black as it has been painted, although "there can be little doubt that the Borgias, father and son, did occasionally administer poison" (*vide* programme note).

Pope Alexander VI would, Mr. Bax is sure, have preferred to use more kindly methods to gain his purpose than those of poisoning and throttling, while Cesare's villainy was nothing more nor less than the result of repressions. Lucrezia, too, benign and beautiful had, apparently, ne'er an evil thought; in fact the whole family was really very nice to know.

Russell Thorndike was admirable as the old Pope and succeeded in dying most realistically. Reginald Tate too, was as spirited a Cesare as the author would allow him to be, but that, I felt, was not Mr. Tate's own idea of a spirited Cesare.

It was, of course, interesting to receive such illumination upon the Dark Ages; but well-written and well-produced as it was, "The House of Borgia" lacked dramatic quality and I certainly longed for the full-blooded Borgias of my own untutored imagination.

"The Harlot"

Arts Theatre

By Alfred W. Paxton

I HAVE seen several good plays and some excellent acting at the Arts Theatre Club and am optimistic enough to hope that I shall, in the future, see more good plays and other individual performances that are worth while. Neither the one nor the other was, alas, offered at the Arts Theatre in "The Harlot."

Had this presentation been in the form of a burlesque, one might at least have had the satisfaction of laughing outright instead of suppressing one's mirth—to the detriment of one's digestion. Why bother to produce seriously a play that to-day could only be received as a joke?

A similar play, better written and better performed, might have attracted the Theatre-going public of twenty years ago—but not now.

It was hardly fair to expect the artists to be able to make anything of it at all, but Iris Darbyshire almost succeeded in putting character into a part that of itself had none. Clifford Marquand, too, made more than the best of a bad job.

But I do wonder why the Arts Theatre Club allowed it!

C.S.

CINEMA**Tough Stuff**

BY MARK FORREST

THE M.G.M. film company, whose chief cinema in London is the Empire, began what it terms its autumn festival this week, and the list of its forthcoming productions is certainly an attractive one. Transcending in appeal any other picture will probably be Greta Garbo and Frederic March in *Anna Karenina*; but there are two films from the remainder which will be awaited with more than usual interest, these are Ronald Colman in *The Tale of Two Cities* and Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. If the last named film manages to be tougher than their present attraction, *China Seas*, which sets the ball rolling, it will indeed be very strong meat.

China Seas has Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in opposition, with Jean Harlow far from being a shadowy third. Everyone is "hard-boiled" and only occasionally sober, while the action begins with a typhoon and ends with the "Malay boot"—a nice, if peculiar, form of torture. Through all this Clark Gable curses his way, or Jean Harlow does it for him, and "the dawn comes up like thunder out of China across the bay." A grand piano pirouetting down the drawing room and a steam roller charging about the deck are the toys with which the ship's officers play, and everything is built upon the same scale, the size of which takes away some of the grip of the story. One could deal a shrewder blow with a few deft touches from a little silver hammer than are given by throwing a maul about indiscriminately.

Rasping Melodrama

Nevertheless, for those who like their heroines to be fair, here is the blondest of them; for those who prefer their villains tough, here is the toughest of them, and for those who like their heroes to be modest, here is the most modest of them. There is also a drunken man who is drunker for a longer period than any other man has ever been and a coward who is as craven as anyone can want, but he finds a lion's heart in the end, which is just as it should be.

In short, a rasping melodrama in which the characters bear little resemblance to real life, but one in which Mr. Thalberg has got every ounce from his scenic effects; the typhoon sequence being especially remarkable.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

LAST WEEK

ELISABETH BERGNER in

"DER TRAUMFOLLE MUND" (A)

and RAIMU in

"CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTE" (A)

BROADCASTING**Who Remembers?**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

LISTENING to "Who Remembers?" a few days ago, one was struck by the difference between the old Savoy Hill programmes and the chromium-plated ones we hear to-day. Gordon McConnell and his team faithfully reproduced the atmosphere of those happy-go-lucky broadcasts which took place in the days when the last "C" in B.B.C. stood for "Company." In doing so, of course, he did a great disservice to his present colleagues, by showing them what can still be achieved, given a little imagination.

What, then, are the essential differences between broadcasting now and the programmes of ten years ago? And how did these differences come about?

First and foremost, programmes in those days were comparatively free from bureaucratic interference. Producers put on plays or revues because they had intrinsic entertainment value and not because they were "radio-genic" or whatever the latest word may be. Artists were employed because they were talented, because they were interested in exploiting this new medium and because they were enthusiastic, and not because they were somebody's cousin, members of a fashionable nightclub or professional sycophants.

The Right Atmosphere

Criticism was plentiful and candid—sometimes to the point of harshness—and departmental back-slapping was as yet unknown. The main object of every producer was to create the right atmosphere in the studio, knowing full well that that atmosphere must transmit itself to the listening public. Nowadays the listener has to create his own atmosphere; all he gets from the B.B.C. is either the clammy feeling one associates with a morgue, or the artificial jollity of a suburban speak-easy.

This change was brought about by red tape, the substitution of Bright Boys for tried and capable experts and the insatiable hunger for publicity which attacked every member of the staff. There will always be radio stars, because there will always be a public which simply must have stars. The B.B.C. boys know this, and have for some time now been making pathetic efforts to make stars of themselves. Producers compère their own shows, directors of departments play leading parts in their own productions. The gentleman who made train noises in the fourth revival of an adaptation of a film written by a Russian, taken from a Swedish novel and translated into English by the nephew of the Nor-Nor-West Regional Director, is photographed in his garden—or somebody else's—rolling his lawn with a borrowed roller or playing with his "doggy friend" hired for the occasion from the Battersea Dogs Home. And this is British Broadcasting! This is what migration from Savoy Hill has done.

Communism in the U.S.A.

A letter which recently appeared in the "New York Herald Tribune" gave some interesting details of the development of Communism in the U.S.A. Amongst other things the writer pointed out that there are six times as many members in the Communist party and its affiliated movements in the United States to-day as there were in Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution; that there are twice as many members in Communist and affiliated movements in the U.S. to-day as there are at present in the Communist party of Russia; that there are over 610 national Communist and affiliated organisations with thousands of State and local branches in the U.S. to-day; that there are over 300 Communist newspapers and magazines printed in all languages; that the schools and colleges, the summer camps, the thousands of youth clubs are permeated with revolutionary teaching; and that it is estimated that Communist forces expend over 6,000,000 dollars annually in the U.S. to foment strikes, engender class hatred, and promote civil war, leading to the overthrow of the Government so as to establish a Soviet America. Exactly the same penetration is taking place here, and both countries confine their objections to occasional mildly worded notes or protests, which the Soviet Government knows quite well need not be treated too seriously. Some day, perhaps, Ministers will wake up to their duties to the peoples by whom they are paid, and do something to dissipate the false sense of security which at present exists.

—*The Patriot*

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the **"SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!**

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the **MONARCHY**—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to **DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL"** which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**